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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE White Paper on Defence is assailed from both sides. The Imperialists will not be satisfied until the earth is loud with marching men, the sea black with cruisers and the sky darkened with bombing 'planes. The Socialists review the Government's past conduct and are convinced that it does not understand what the League is or what collective security means. If it did, rearmament would only take place as part of a joint policy of defence with other League Powers. Industrial Labour is torn by conflicting views; it knows that for a time rearmament means better wages and more work and that it will be able to purchase better conditions at the price of co-operation, but it knows, too, that industrial mobilisation may mean something like conscription. It notices the significant sentence in the White Paper that " it will be important to see that the work is not delayed by over-elaboration of the financial safeguards." Unless the armament industry is nationalised, which should be an absolute condition for any rearmament, we are merely going to settle down to a period of profiteering and superficial prosperity while we prepare for the next war. We doubt if the rank and file of Labour will be bribed into tamely waiting for catastrophe.

Taking the Profits out of War Preparation?

In March, 1915, the Trade Unions, as a condition of accepting the wartime " dilution " of labour, exacted from the Government a promise that no excessive profits would be allowed to be made out of the national need for munitions of war. There followed the Munitions of War Act, with its provision for a levy on " excess profits " made by armament contractors—and there also followed a period in which the net profits of the contractors, after paying the tax, rose to unexampled heights. Is history about to repeat itself? There is an ominous sound about the Government's proposal to establish advisory committees among the armament makers to work out fair terms of contract; and there is also an ominous silence about what is to be paid to those firms which agree to put their works into a condition in which they can be turned over rapidly at need to the manufacture of munitions of war. For our part, after the experience of the last war, we are deeply sceptical of all projects for " taking the profits out of war and war preparation." Where risks are uncountable, the munition makers will certainly exact high terms for their collaboration; and the Government, as a buyer whose demand is practically uninfluenced by price, will in the end pay what the munition makers exact. The one true remedy is to nationalise armament making; but it is admitted that this means nationalising a large part of the engineering and chemical industries. It will therefore not be done, by the present Government at least; and accordingly whatever paper schemes may be drawn up for the regulation of profits, actually the taxpayers will have to pay through the nose. They may console themselves with the thought that they are "providing employment"; for, apart from the minor objection that their products are sheer waste, the armaments industries are as good as any others at finding work. So is the great art of digging holes and filling them up again; but it lacks at present the further merit of combining patriotism with profit.

Oil and the Olive Branch

It looks like the old game again at Geneva. Mr. Eden opened the proceedings on Monday with what was to many an agreeable surprise—a plain declaration that Great Britain was ready to impose the oil embargo. But this did not suit the French. M. Flandin, whom somebody has aptly called "Laval and water," was for temporising, and after a struggle Mr. Eden and the rest capitulated to his demand for another "appeal to the belligerents." Italy and Abyssinia are given a week to answer; but who supposes that, in the present state of affairs, Mussolini is going to agree to an "immediate opening of negotiations within the framework of the Council and in the spirit of the pact"—or, at least, that he is ready to look at any peace terms which would be tolerable either to Abyssinia or to the League? He is now elated by the victories of Marshal Badoglio and by hopes of a further advance, and perhaps even of the complete demoralisation of the defending forces before the next rainy season begins. In that he may be over sanguine; but at any rate he is very far from seeing himself in the role of a suitor for peace. Messages from Rome in fact suggest that he would insist on terms going beyond the Hoare-Laval proposals, fantastic though these seem to most of the world.

What Will Mussolini Do?

The position is critical for the League. It is clear that the existing sanctions, though they are causing some difficulties in Italy and have even driven the Duce to nationalise the banks, have not been, and will not by themselves be, sufficient to stop the slaughter and devastation in Africa. It is not certain that an oil embargo, which ought to have been imposed many months ago, will be decisive, as it would have been then. But even partially applied it must be serious for the Italians, and the failure to apply it will be even more serious for the League and all it stands for. If Mussolini's reply next week is a contemptuous "No," the embargo will presumably be at long last decided on—unless, indeed, M. Flandin has something else up his sleeve. But Mussolini may very likely choose another alternative—which is to continue his game of bluffing and playing with the League Powers, of gaining more time, parleying and arguing about the "negotiations," whilst Marshal Badoglio, of course, gets on with the bloody work in Abyssinia. As the Geneva correspondent of the *Times* put it on Wednesday: "There is room for a whole series of proposals once these negotiations are under way"—and he might have added "before they are under way." To that we can only hope Mr. Eden and those who stand with him will offer the firmest resistance.

The End of the Tokio Coup

The Tokio mutiny has now been "liquidated," to all outward appearance at any rate. The mutineers have been treated with extraordinary tenderness—a tenderness which reveals the extent and the depth of the sympathy felt for their aims. They were soldiers zealous for the greater power and glory of the Army; they were also patriots zealous, according to their lights, for the welfare of their country, and their programme of reactionary reform has a great measure of support among the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the educated. We are still unable to predict all the consequences of the coup. There will be a new Government, with a new Prime Minister (Admiral Okada, who was supposed to have been murdered and was not, has resigned), and almost certainly a new Minister of War. These, it is generally expected, will be younger men, and men more, not less, acceptable to the Army, for the assault on the civil power appears to have strengthened and not weakened the military influence. How this will affect Japanese policy and strategy in China and *vis-à-vis* Russia, remains to be seen. Both the Russians and the Chinese view the situation with great anxiety, and the Nanking Government are talking about conscription throughout China—though it is but a limited China in which their writ runs.

Naval Disarmament

So we are to have a new Naval Treaty after all. It is true that Japan has withdrawn from the Conference, and that Italy has intimated that she will sign nothing at this juncture. But the three remaining Powers are nearing an agreement. France will apparently accept the American demand for capital ships of 35,000 tons and 14in. guns, till 1940 at any rate; and so we shall all be at liberty to equip ourselves with more of these silly monsters. Aircraft carriers will be limited to 23,000 tons, cruisers to 8,000 and submarines to 2,000 tons. Germany is naturally interested in all this, and the latest news from Berlin is that Hitler is prepared to discuss with us a bilateral treaty of qualitative limitation on the lines of the agreement reached by the Conference. There are vague hopes that Japan and Italy may be induced at some time or other to come into the fold. Meanwhile, our own blue-water Tories, commenting on the increases proposed in the White Paper, complain that these will still leave the British Navy below a proper standard. Such is the realisation of our dreams of disarmament.

The Debates on Unemployment

The House of Commons has had two debates on unemployment during the past week—one on the "Special Areas" and the other on the Ministry of Labour vote. Opposition speakers reiterated the obvious in asserting that our national economic policy is now conducted on a basis of taking for granted a level of unemployment which would have been regarded as unbearable only a few years ago, and that the Government's policy for the Special Areas, useful within its limits, shows no sign of a readiness to tackle the problem in a large way. Labour spokesmen also regretted that the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee should prefer a reduction in contributions to an increase in benefits, which are still at an inadequate level, especially for those who have been long out of work. In reply, Mr. MacDonald and Mr.

Ernest Brown made the most of what is being done in the depressed areas, and held out the hope that re-armament would bring these districts an access of economic activity. The demand for higher benefits, instead of reduced contributions, under the Insurance scheme was not faced; and, though Mr. MacDonald announced an increased appropriation for the Special Areas, he practically ignored the complaint that the Commissioner's powers are far too narrow to enable him to do anything more than provide minor palliatives of distress.

The Exemptions Bill

The Government can scarcely disregard the spontaneous burst of disgust aroused among local authorities, educationists and politicians of all parties by the exemption clauses in the Education Bill. If there is anyone who still regards it as a bold measure of reform he should read Professor Tawney's pamphlet, *The School Age and the Exemptions* (published by the W.E.A., 38a, St. George's Road, London, S.W.1, price 2*d.*), which tears the Government's case to shreds. The declared purpose of the Bill is to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen, but it is clear that the child that stays at school until this age will be the rare exception rather than the rule. Local authorities are called upon to administer a probably unworkable system of inspection; and the best intentioned of them will find it difficult to resist the pressure from employers demanding cheap labour and from parents deprived of any free choice for their children by their own economic conditions. By a fine irony the first to escape from school will be those possessing special ability or those suffering from exceptional poverty, and the educational value of the extra year for the children that remain is certain to be seriously impaired. This preposterous procedure is to be tolerated presumably because the Government believes it is preferable that poor parents should be subsidised by their children rather than by the State.

Tithes

The Government scheme for tithe redemption is a vast improvement on previous proposals, although neither party in the dispute is likely to be satisfied. The existing system of tithe rent charge is to be discontinued and bonds for £70,000,000, bearing interest at 3 per cent., are to be issued to the tithe-owners as compensation; the interest and sinking fund on the new issue of stock is to be guaranteed and collected from the present tithe payers by the State. The total amount demanded from the tithe-payer is reduced by approximately £700,000 a year and his liability will become extinguished in sixty years instead of seventy-six as contemplated in the 1925 Act. Special consideration is to be given in hard cases where the tithe charge is particularly high in proportion to the value of the holding. The tithe owner suffers a pecuniary loss, but his income is made more secure and he is relieved of the unpleasant duties of collection. Moreover, an annuity is to be paid to the Church authorities to make good the losses suffered by incumbents in small livings. The Government also proposes to safeguard the taxpayer by fixing the redemption period at sixty instead of forty years as proposed by the Commission. The scheme succeeds in discovering a compromise between the claims of tithe payer and tithe owner, without imposing any fresh burden on the taxpayer.

Fixed Trusts

The Committee on Fixed Trusts, appointed this week by Mr. Runciman, is representative mainly of the financial and official world, though Mr. Pethick Lawrence sits solitary as a representative of Labour. To the financial world this will seem quite natural; for in its eyes the purpose of the inquiry is to consider what needs to be done to make the promoters of this type of investment agency subject to the same conditions as other persons who set out to collect the money of the investing public. There is, however, from any truly social standpoint, a much larger issue. The small investor wants reasonable security, and seeks it by methods, of which the Fixed Trust and the Investment Trust are the best known, that allow him to spread his risks. What ought to be considered, but certainly will not be considered, by Mr. Runciman's Committee, is whether both the small investor and the public interest would not be much better served if, instead of leaving it to private financiers to invent new devices for attracting the investors' money, the State were to establish its own investment agency, in the form of a National Investment Board. At such a proposal doubtless most of Mr. Runciman's appointees would hold up their hands in horror; but we hope Mr. Pethick Lawrence, at any rate, will consider seriously how far the terms of reference allow him to force this matter to the front.

"No Cloistered Virtue"

In upholding last Monday an appeal against a sentence for contempt of court, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council pointed out that the freedom of the press was involved and laid it down that

> No wrong is committed by any member of the public who exercises the ordinary right of criticism in good faith in private or public on a public act done in the seat of justice. The path of criticism is a public way; the wrong-headed are permitted to err therein: provided that members of the public abstain from imputing improper motives to those taking part in the administration of justice, and are genuinely expressing a right of criticism and not acting in malice or attempting to impair the administration of justice, they are immune. Justice is not a cloistered virtue: she must be allowed to suffer the scrutiny and respectful even though outspoken comments of ordinary men.

This admirably clear statement of the law should remove some absurd misapprehensions. How necessary it was to do so we can see from the case in question. The Editor of a West Indian paper called *The Port of Spain Gazette* had been punished by the Supreme Court of Trinidad for an article criticising what he regarded as the disproportionate severity of two sentences passed by different judges for similar offences. Any newspaper under British law is, of course, entitled to make such a comment and to criticise any sentence that is passed, provided that it does not impute improper motives to the Judge. An authoritative pronouncement on the subject is doubly welcome at a time when newspapers in this country have become so frightened of contempt of court that they sometimes seem to forget that it is their duty as well as their privilege to keep a watchful eye on the administration of justice.

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IS IT DEFENCE?

THE White Paper on rearmament is far from presenting the considered programme that the nation had the right to expect. It is a preface to a colossal enterprise which stretches vaguely into the alarming future, without limit of time or of cost. Is it for three or for five years that this special effort will continue? Is the additional cost of the "defence" services in the region of £200,000 or of £300,000,000, and if so, by what process of borrowing is it to be financed? Does this vagueness spring from the reticence of a Government which fears the shock of a complete disclosure of its plans, or does it mean that this Government, habitually dilatory and irresolute, has as yet no plan that goes much beyond this impressionist sketch? When we try to extract from the platitudes of the explanatory paragraphs some concrete outline of the policy behind rearmament, we are not enlightened. In the years that led up to 1914, the country had at least the gloomy satisfaction of knowing against what Powers its new Dreadnoughts were constructed, while the inner Cabinet and the General Staff, if no one else, understood perfectly where and against whom the Expeditionary Force would operate. The White Paper specifies no enemy, nor does one line of it indicate the source of the danger that compels us simultaneously to protect the south-east coast from air-raids, to increase the army designed for service overseas, to police the Empire routes with additional cruisers and aircraft, and to add two monitors to the battle-fleet.

The only answer to such questions is that "everyone is doing it," and this statement is justified by a brief summary of the recent doings of other Powers, in which Germany and Japan figure in one catalogue with France and Russia. If we could take seriously the Government's professions of loyalty to the League, we might complain that in this list it had confused the positive and negative quantities. For if it followed a League policy, it would regard French and Russian armaments as reinforcements. A case might still remain for modernising and reconditioning our own forces. It may well be that a conservative Admiralty and War Office have undervalued the air-arm. It is arguable that the transfer of arsenals and munition plant to the relative security of the west coast and the North should have been undertaken long ago. But does a League strategy demand not merely the modernisation, but the expansion, of all three arms?

The fact is, of course, that no such conception as a League strategy, or of a co-operative defence programme common to League Powers, has yet dawned upon Whitehall. The League is still for this Government what it was when the notorious memorandum of March, 1935, was published, a negligible factor in security. It is, on the other hand, or it was, an invaluable electioneering asset, and it may still serve to disguise the real meaning of this programme of rearmament. One frank passage does, however, disclose the Government's purpose. It is arming on general principles, not so much to ensure the safety of this island, which no one directly threatens, as to increase its own weight in the Balance of Power—to enable it, in its own words, to exercise "influence and authority."

On the score of policy the Opposition has a devastating retrospective case to urge. This programme of rearmament is the inevitable outcome of all the errors of commission and omission in the foreign policy of the governing class that lay between the Versailles Treaty and the Hoare-Laval proposals. It sabotaged any possible League policy while the League was yet an embryo, and threw away, time and again, each chance of making a fresh start. But no Opposition can ignore the fact that, largely by reason of these follies and failures, this earth has become an excessively dangerous planet. One is disposed then to scrutinise this programme from the standpoint of defence. The items that call most sharply for resistance are not those involved in modernisation, but those that represent an actual increase in offensive power. The two new battleships seem to commit us to a policy of replacement that will eventually cost something between £120,000,000 and £140,000,000, nor is it clear that the limit which fixes at fifteen the total number of these doubtfully useful and certainly vulnerable ships will be observed. The increase of the cruiser fleet from fifty to seventy and of the air squadrons assigned to the imperial sea routes raises the whole problem of our food supply. There are two ways of providing this first requisite of defence. The military mind will prefer to build cruisers and aircraft, since these are as useful for offence as for defence, and will serve as well to starve an enemy's women and children as to ensure the food of our own. The civilian mind, if it must take precautions, will prefer to make less equivocal arrangements for the supply of our population in emergency. It would study first of all the storage in this island of the more vital of its imported foodstuffs and raw materials, beginning with wheat, oil and cotton. It would find, if it did so, not only that it might economise in cruisers, but also that it might build up for use in normal times a system of supply incomparably cheaper and free from the profiteering of the gambler and the middleman. That done, it would turn with a new determination to the reorganisation and expansion of our island agriculture. The objection that this would be to build our national economy on a war-time basis would be valid only if we proposed to abstain from other forms of insurance. Of the two methods this is the less provocative. A fleet, be it naval or aerial, may keep our larders filled, but it threatens those of our neighbours. A granary threatens no one. Finally this opposition, if it sought to be helpful and constructive, would question the fatalistic assumption that there is no answer to aerial attack save the threat of counter-attack. Again, the civilian mind asks whether all the resources of research and invention have been used to devise defensive expedients. If science had been endowed as lavishly for that purpose as for the invention of new poison gases, we suspect that in this department of warfare, as in every other, the defence would have kept pace with the means of attack.

This sketch, vague though it is, opens in industry the vista of a reorientation of our industrial activity that may alter our daily life only a little less profoundly than Hitler's effort has altered the face of Germany. It foreshadows a shifting of the industrial centre of gravity of this island westwards and northwards again, after the drift to the south. This Government that frowned on national works will now promote them—aerodromes, dockyards, munition plants. Has it realised that with that movement, problems of transport and housing are also involved? The plan in its first outlines seems to threaten an expansion for warlike purposes of certain industries, which will be subsidised to lay down plant for munition purposes, and to train their staff, or part of it, for this work. The immediate effect is visible already. The shares of this branch of industry rise like balloons in a gale. Presently the effect of the programme will be visible in the employment returns. Industry and labour will be diverted under this plan, as they were during the war, to meet a demand that ought not to be permanent. Young men and women will crowd into these trades, which will soon experience that plethoric expansion that caused the greater part of our industrial misery when peace returned. Of two things, one. Either this is a temporary effort, which after three or four years will end, to leave us facing all the problems of slump and unemployment. Or else the vested interests created by rearmament will prolong this undated programme, and keep in office these zealous armourers of the League until competitive armament ends, as it always has ended, in war.

THE SOVIET PACT AND HITLER

BUT for the fall of Laval and the coming general election it is doubtful whether the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact would have given rise to any discussion at all. It would certainly not have lasted a fortnight, and we should also have been spared what the papers call "violent incidents" in the Chamber. It was Laval who signed the Pact; and if he had presented it for ratification the Right (with perhaps half a dozen exceptions) would have obediently followed him, and the Pact would have been ratified almost unanimously. It is, of course, probable that if Laval had still been in power, he would have done everything to keep the Pact off the parliamentary agenda; but that is a different matter. But now, with Laval out of office, the Right discovered that they could use for election purposes their sudden opposition to the Soviet Pact.

Seldom, if ever, had the Chamber witnessed such a display of insincerity as all those Right-wing speeches against the Pact. The Bolsheviks were not to be trusted. The Bolsheviks were the enemies of France. The Red Army was no good. The Pact was going to drag France into war. The sinister activities of the Comintern were loudly denounced. Doriot, the renegade Communist, who claimed to have inside knowledge of the criminal activities of Soviet agents, declared that the Soviets intended to drag France into a war against Germany, to betray her in the middle of it, and start a Communist revolution in France. And Philippe Henriot, the lanky Fascist with large flapping ears (he has been nicknamed "Askari" by the Left), "revealed" the sums of money which he said the *Humanité* was getting from Moscow, and urged the Government "to have these scoundrels arrested." In the verbatim report of the meeting the Communist chorus of "Salaud! Salopard! Lâche! Menteur! Agent de Mussolini!" was reticently described as "exclamations à l'extrême gauche." And in the Lobbies a day or two later Ramette, the Communist, slapped Henriot's face, whereupon the *Humanité* remarked that M. Henriot could now detect the fingerprints of the hand of Moscow even on his own face.

The only people on the Right—and they were not numerous —who were at least honest in their opposition to the Soviet Pact were those who advocated a free hand for Germany in the East. They did not say so quite openly; but what they meant was that France had better save her skin by lying low behind the Maginot line of fortifications and let the rest of Europe take care of itself. These were precisely the people who, a few days later, declared themselves to be enormously impressed by the Hitler interview in *Paris-Midi*.

The Government's arguments in favour of the Pact are familiar enough, and need not be dwelt upon. The Pact, they said, was part of the system of collective security in Europe; it was not an alliance, but only the beginning of a wider network of collective security; if France was to help the Little Entente in case of war, it was indispensable that she should have Russia to support her in the East; they also hoped that Germany would abandon her doctrine of the "localisation of war" (which meant a free hand for the aggressor) and would join the Pact and so accept the principle of collective security. With the Pact left open to her she could not complain of "encirclement." What was being encircled, Flandin said, was not Germany, but the spirit of aggression. He further recalled that Great Britain had recognised the Pact to be perfectly compatible with Locarno, and said that if Germany still had any doubts on the subject she was free to take it before the International Court of the Hague. By not accepting this fair offer, Germany will clearly violate Locarno if she reoccupies the demilitarised zone.

The Pact was voted by a large majority, only 164 voting against the ratification. And how many were there among these 164 who sincerely disapproved of the Pact, and who would have voted against it even under Laval? Very few, I should say. The opposition to the Soviet Pact is an election stunt of the Right. Knowing their voters' fear of war, the Right will claim to have defended peace by voting against ratification. They will say that Germany's military ambitions are turned to the East and that France could rest in peace but for the Soviet Pact. A sufficiently futile argument when one considers that France would have to go to Czechoslovakia's help in any case, Soviet Pact or no Soviet Pact. It is true that there are some people on the Right who will whisper into your ear that Czechoslovakia doesn't matter either. But it is doubtful whether, in spite of the ordinary Frenchman's fear of war, such arguments will carry much weight; for even the politically least educated know that if Germany is given a free hand in the East it will mean German hegemony in Europe—and "after Sadowa, Sedan." So, although the Hitler interview was described by a Right-wing deputy as "a marvellous election platform," he must surely have overrated the credulity of his voters.

The interview was, like all Hitler's other declarations of friendship to France, just another olive branch, with no olives on it. Although Bertrand de Jouvenel, who collected the interview (and who himself is in favour of giving Germany a free hand in the East) was careful to camouflage the sinister significance of Hitler's overtures, others have asked Hitler the questions which Jouvenel deliberately failed to ask him. Friendship—yes. But on what terms?

Was Hitler's statement such a "declaration of friendship" as the emotionalism of his words and the even greater emotionalism of Jouvenel's descriptive matter suggested? His statements about *Mein Kampf* were impudent lies. He claimed to have written *Mein Kampf* at a time of great bitterness—during the French occupation of the Ruhr. Actually, he wrote the second part of *Mein Kampf*, which contains the passage: "France must be annihilated," at the time of the Briand-Stresemann idyll. And Stresemann to him was a traitor. Hitler also said that, "in spite of his personal efforts to bring about a Franco-German rapprochement," the ratification of the Soviet Pact would create a new situation "in the realm of political realities." Germany, in other words, might reoccupy the Rhineland zone. Which means in practice that, in spite of all his protestations of friendship, Hitler refuses to give France the easiest and most tangible proof of his peaceful intentions—leaving Locarno intact.

The demilitarised zone, to which Stresemann freely consented as a proof of Germany's goodwill (for without the zone Germany would be in an overwhelmingly strong military position on the Rhine) has to-day become a particularly important factor in the preservation of European peace. The absence of fortifications on the German side (these are adequately replaced in a peaceful Germany by Britain's guarantee and by France's inferior strength and her determination not to violate Locarno) is a deterrent to Hitler's military ambitions in the East. Once Germany has built fortifications on the Rhine she will be practically immune against French or League reprisals of a military order, and will be able to go ahead in the East with the maximum of impunity. The French, though less concerned about troops in the Rhineland (for, in case of war, these could be brought in, anyway, at a moment's notice), are taking the question of fortifications very seriously; and they are also expecting Britain to take it seriously.

The Hitler interview was of no value in itself; but it may prove of some value if it can be used as an opportunity for making Hitler explain exactly, without any beating about the bush, what he wants. A free hand in the East? The answer must be "no." But he must be asked once again whether he is still determined to cling to his doctrine of "localised war," and whether he refuses to return to the League and to accept the collective system. If he persists in his refusal, then Europe will have to go on "encircling the spirit of aggression." If, on the other hand, he is prepared to discuss terms, then it would perhaps be wise to discuss them. There is some talk in diplomatic quarters of bringing Germany back to the League and of keeping her quiet in Europe by revising the status of the zone and by giving her colonies. Such bribery would be justified only if it could be effective in the long run. Paying Germany a heavy price for returning to the League would, in my view, serve no useful purpose if the operation was not accompanied by a drastic reinforcement of Article 16 of the Covenant. I should myself say that only the threat of collective and automatic military sanctions against the aggressor could persuade Germany to cultivate her colonial garden and to become a peaceful member of the European community for long years to come. In this Europe heading for war, there is, perhaps, a faint glimmer of a solution.

Paris, March 4. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

AT the football cup tie between Fulham and Derby County on Saturday, 40,000 people were informed by a loud-speaker of the advantages of life in the Navy, Army, Air Force and Territorials. Next day Field-Marshal Lord Milne, former Chief of the Imperial General Staff, followed up this appeal by saying that "conscription" was "a nasty word which the British nation did not like," but that probably some "form of general service will have to be introduced if the present shortage of men in the services continues." The use of a football match for recruiting purposes and the suggestion that conscription is contemplated seemed to me so odd that I made inquiries and discovered what appears to be the beginning of a new campaign by the War Office in conjunction with a firm called "Film Industries Limited." This firm has wired about twelve big football grounds, and the War Office has already arranged for recruiting speeches to be delivered to the football crowds in Hamilton, Liverpool and Chester. I wonder whether football crowds will stand this type of propaganda?

* * *

The Nazis, above all anxious to win favour in this country, love a lord as dearly as the traditional Englishman, and the German press naturally made good propagandist use out of the recent visits to Hitler of Lord Londonderry and Lord Mount Temple. I wonder how far these two English peers realised the purposes for which their names are being used. Lord Mount Temple, when he was Mr. W. W. Ashley, married the only child and heiress of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, the German-Jewish financier, who was described by the Nazis as one of the "elders of Zion" and a pillar of the "Jewish conspiracy." The two daughters of this marriage, Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, would therefore come fully under the Nuremberg laws. They would be accounted sub-human, deprived of civil rights, unable to marry or even be seen in company with an Aryan, and accounted fit only for the ghetto. Neither does Lord Londonderry seem a fitting person to meet the Führer. One of his daughters recently married the Hon. Edward Jessel, a practising Jew. The correct punishment for her, if we are to judge by precedent, would be tarring and feathering, while Lord Londonderry's son would be sentenced to prison or penal servitude for "Rassenschande." I wonder whether he has seen an interesting pamphlet published by the Imperial Fascist League in this country called *Our Jewish Aristocracy—A Tale of Contamination*. A correspondent tells me that it gives a list of people who are described as the All-Jewish Aristocracy of Britain, Mixed Blood, Half-breeds in the Making and Knights of England, and that not much of Debrett would be left if all the names it mentions were excluded. At the end of the pamphlet appear the words "You have been warned."

* * *

Just before the news that the only financial change that the Alberta Social Credit Government had been able to procure was a large increase in income tax I received an interesting account of the growing disillusion in Alberta from a well-informed observer on the spot. He tells the usual story; how, after years of desperate depression with many people on the land reduced to conditions of mediaeval serfdom, the present Premier, Aberhart, won an overwhelming victory by applying the methods of religious revivalism to the needs of this world, instead of the next. Aberhart was a lay preacher and founder of the Prophetic Bible Institute in the city of Calgary. He preached his gospel over the Institute's radio, and three years ago, after reading Major Douglas on Social Credit, began to assure people that it was possible to abolish poverty in a land of plenty merely by a stroke of a fountain pen. You only had to send the bankers to hell, print money—the elaborations of Douglasism naturally make little impression on the minds of uneducated listeners—and the trick was done. Aberhart has the personality for the job. He boasts of weighing one-eighth of a ton, stands over six feet and has a deep, resonant voice that ranges from bottom C to top F and which successfully imparts his own religious ecstasy when he describes the millennium and the "rapture" that precedes it. But already by Christmas people were beginning to wonder why, if the job was so easy, the new Social Credit party which had come to power with an overwhelming majority did not get on with the good work, and on Christmas Eve six men were seen carrying a huge fountain pen made out of stove pipes, about twenty feet in length, down to the parliamentary building as a reminder to the Cabinet Ministers that they were expected to use it to fulfil the election promise that every adult in the province would soon be in receipt of a Social Dividend of 25 dollars per month. It was added that the "rapture" that precedes the millennium seemed so far to have been felt by none but Mr. Aberhart and the eight members of his Cabinet, who are all in receipt of excellent salaries. The difference, the wags said, between the prophet Elijah and the prophet Aberhart is that Elijah was fed by ravens and Aberhart by gulls.

* * *

Mr. H. de Vere Cole, the world's champion hoaxer, is dead, and all those who have a jealous regard for the dignity of their positions, from naval officers to University Vice-Chancellors, may go about their business secure in the knowledge that their chances of being made to look ridiculous have been considerably lessened. His victims will now find it easier to consider him in a more charitable light, whilst I am sure that mourning for his loss amongst the general public will be real and sincere. Cole's boast that during his varied career he had carried out ninety-five successful hoaxes without being made to suffer the consequences seems to have been nearly but not quite justified. In his most famous exploit, the inspection of the battleship *Dreadnought*, disguised as the Prince of Abyssinia, he had among his accomplices Virginia Woolf, dressed as a male member of his entourage, and her brother

Adrian Stephen who went as interpreter, speaking the most fluent Ethiopian. The affair was started by a faked letter from the Foreign Office and the party arrived at Portsmouth by a special train complete with a dusky bodyguard. The whole visit passed off without a hitch and the Foreign Office took no action. The honour of the Navy, however, demanded that some punishment should be inflicted on the culprits. Virginia Woolf and Adrian Stephen were exempted, but it was decided that Cole should be beaten. He was taken to a quiet mews for punishment but, according to his own account, successfully insisted that as a gentleman he should be permitted to give a blow for every one received. In any case no one seems to have been seriously hurt. On other occasions he appears to have got off scot-free. Neither the police, after his exploit in dressing up as a navvy and digging up a piece of the road outside the Bank, nor the Cambridge dignitaries, after his official reception in that town as the Sultan of Zanzibar, appear even to have attempted revenge.

* * *

This journal has referred before to the trial in Finland of a man named Antikainen who was given a life sentence at the first hearing for a murder he was supposed to have committed in 1922. The witnesses for the prosecution contradicted each other; most of the evidence was hearsay and would not have been admitted in an English court. The witnesses for the defence were old members of the Soviet Red Army who could not enter Finland without a safe conduct. French and Swedish lawyers investigated this unheard evidence, and, mainly as a result of their work, the Finnish court on December 17th decided to give Antikainen a re-trial and to hear the Soviet Carelians who had fought with him in the White counter-revolution when he was supposed to have committed his murder. Nine Soviet witnesses will therefore be allowed to pass the Finnish frontier on Monday for the re-trial.

* * *

The *News Review*, which is the nearest thing we have in this country to the American Weekly *Time*, last week reprinted from *Le Journal* extracts from the article on the "Secret Loves of Hitler" which was suppressed in Paris. The author relied for his effect on the use of a well-furnished imagination rather than upon any tedious documentation. The *News Review* only published extracts, but I was able to see the translated copy from which they obtained their story. The most interesting detail was the new explanation offered to account for the events of June 30th. According to this account the brazen character of Hitler's love-making shocked the more puritanical elements in the Nazi movement with the result that on one fine summer morning his most recent flame was discovered with a bullet through her head. The police announced that it was suicide, but Hitler suspected foul play and chivalry demanded that he should take his revenge personally. Hence the murder of those puritans Röhm and Heines!

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Donald Carswell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I think on the whole we are nearer to the ethics of the New Testament than pessimists suppose. Love or kindness as the typical virtue; the single eye and the single heart essential; and the three hateful things—hypocrisy, hard-heartedness, and calculating worldliness. Our Master, I think, would say to the modern John Bull, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—The Very Rev. W. R. Inge.

I have recently been very much struck by the low opinion which the Italians seem to hold of the English nation in general. Is it not possible that this contempt was first aroused by the example set by the poets Byron and Shelley when they lived at Lerici, near Leghorn, with Clare and Mary Godwin? Such proceedings can hardly have aroused feelings of admiration or respect for the nation which had produced them.—Letter in *Oxford Mail*.

RESULT OF APPEALS:

East Islington Mothers' and Babies' Welfare Centre, Marchioness of Lansdowne.. ..	£49 10 8
People's Dispensary for Animals of the Poor, Christopher Stone	*£11,812 0 9

* *Promise of a further £7,000.* —*Radio Times.*

To go abroad with such a traveller is to feel at home. Could any Briton ask for more?—Publishers' advt. in *Liverpool Post*.

For example, I resent as an affectation the pronunciation of foreign names of persons and places as a foreigner would pronounce them. At home, if I talk French, it is the French of Stratford-atte-Bow, like Chaucer's *Wife of Bath*, and I wish the announcers would follow her example.—Letter in the press referring to the B.B.C.

RAW MATERIALS AND WAR

A NON-FASCIST Italian Government at the first Assembly of the League claimed that Italy, through the lack of certain raw materials, was "being hindered and strangled in her economic development." The Italian draft of the Covenant asserted that "the international distribution of the foodstuffs and raw materials required to sustain healthy conditions of life and industry must be controlled in such a way as to secure for every country whatever is indispensable to it in this respect." The French Government also then spoke of the need for an "international organisation of production." This belief that they are at the mercy of certain more fortunate countries in regard to the supply of key materials has remained present in the Italian mind from that day to this. In the political sense it is the belief rather than its justification which is important.

Let us first consider what justification there actually is. In a whole series of important commodities we have even in time of peace an international control through producers' agreements which aims at restriction of supply, and directs trade into the channels most beneficial to the producing countries. In time of war, of course, this control on the part of a few favoured countries gives them an important weapon both in securing their own defence and in cutting off the supplies of the less favoured.

If we take the problem first from this strategic side, we find that in twenty-five materials essential to the life of the modern State there is a striking disparity between the situation of this country and of other Great Powers:

	Adequate Supply.	Some.	None.
British Empire	18	2	5
Japan	3	5	17
Germany	4	2	19
Italy	4	—	21

The demand is not only for a supply of raw materials, however; it is complicated by the equally important desire for an opportunity to exploit the production of raw materials in foreign markets and, generally, to obtain the advantages of selling home produce in foreign countries at a profit. It is for this reason that we find the problem of raw materials linked up with the demand for colonies. The political control of territory in the tropics not only secures to the governing country the certainty of a supply of commodities essential to its economic prosperity and its political security, but also provides it with lucrative opportunities of investment and the exploitation of markets. It cannot be denied that colonies do offer these advantages, but there are many additional ways of securing them. The only partly disguised protectorates exercised by Great Britain over Egypt, Iraq and Persia, or by the United States over Mexico, Venezuela and Peru, are examples of a second method. So also is the British invention of the Commonwealth idea and the American invention of the Monroe Doctrine. The mandates system of the League of Nations provides certain safeguards against such indiscriminate exploitation; but there can be no question that, whether in the granting of concessions or in the making of appointments of an administrative character, the mandatory Government is able to secure to its nationals valuable preferences. Economic advantage goes hand in hand with political supervision. We can, therefore, accept the truth of many statements made about raw materials and about colonies without invalidating the fundamental arguments put forward on behalf of the dissatisfied Powers. It is clear, for instance, that some raw materials such as coal, or foodstuffs such as wheat, come as much from sovereign States as from colonial territories. It is true also that in many cases the anxiety of the producer is to-day not to allocate a scarce commodity for which there is a greater demand than supply, but to sell an abundant commodity for which there is less demand than supply. A new partition of colonies would afford no solution of the problem of securing either the certainty of a supply of essentials or the opportunities of profitable exploitation.

The conflict over particular raw materials still remains and there is ample evidence of it in recent years. The advent of Russian oil on British territory provided one example. It was accompanied by violent press exhortations not to buy Russian oil and culminated in the famous Arcos raid and the rupture of relations between this country and Russia. In the case of oil, control outside the U.S.S.R. is divided mainly between Royal Dutch Shell and Standard Oil. The conflict between these two interests, the former acting in combination with Anglo-Persian, controlled by the British Government, has developed in South America as well as in Mosul, South Persia and Rumania.

The Stevenson rubber restriction scheme carried out under the aegis of the British Colonial Office created important difficulties in Anglo-American relations, and was partly responsible for the subsequent American effort to corner the control of copper. In both copper and lead the present control is in Anglo-American hands and it is significant that German interests, which before the war were dominant in this field, have never been able to regain their position.

Restriction of raw materials may take place either before or after production; that the second type is not without importance is already clear. A prohibitive duty is charged on tin ore exported from Nigeria, the Federated Malay States and Johore unless it is destined for smelteries within the British Empire. These countries produce nearly half the world's tin supply. There are also restrictions on the export of rubber from the Netherlands East Indies. But it is in the numerous producers' agreements covering the production and distribution of the particular raw materials and foodstuffs that the most significant limitation takes place. Here we have seen in recent years the development of complicated, and in some cases extremely authoritative machinery, for the control of production and distribution. These agreements are come to mainly in the interests of the producers.

The International Tin Committee, which sits under the chairmanship of an official in the British Colonial Office, controls more than 95 per cent. of the tin production of the world. It is on a Government basis and has one member from each adhering country. It is supported by a Tin Pool Committee controlling undistributed stock under the same chairmanship and of similar composition. An interesting feature of this organisation is the recent establishment of a panel of consumers' representatives, but these have purely advisory functions.

The International Rubber Regulation Committee fixes the export quotas of the participating territories. Again, it represents the Governments of the territories affected by the agreement, delegates having a voting strength equal to the production tonnage of their respective countries. Here once more there is a panel nominated by the rubber manufacturers of Europe and America to advise the Committee on questions affecting their interests. This panel is of great significance, since it constitutes a recognition of the separate and opposing interests of the consumer. Clearly, rubber producers have learnt much since they drew up the Stevenson scheme in 1921. It is no doubt dictated by the knowledge that the Firestone lease of one million acres in Liberia and the Ford concession of some four million acres in Brazil may be developed if the producers do not act with sufficient care. The tendency of such an organisation must inevitably be to maintain prices at an unnecessarily high level through the defence it provides for the inefficient but established producer. There are no less than 603 companies registered in England as members of the Rubber Growers' Association, with a total of 2,400 directorships.

The Chadbourne Sugar Agreement aimed at the curtailment of production and established an International Sugar Council composed of one representative of each adhering country to administer the plan. It was initiated by American-Cuban interests, which were suffering from discrimination, and was supported by Java for the same reason.

The Wheat Agreement, one of the few results of the Economic Conference of 1933, provides for the reduction of exports and wheat acreage. To supervise the execution of the Agreement the International Wheat Committee was set up, composed of equal numbers of the representatives from importing and exporting countries. One sub-committee of this has undertaken the task of studying measures for increasing consumption, but another has issued rather less constructive recommendations for raising prices, recommendations which were not made public.

The coal industry has seen interesting fluctuations since the war. In 1920, when there was a scarcity, the Italian Government demanded international control to secure imports at a reasonable price; the British laughed this demand to scorn. In 1929, when scarcity had been replaced by surplus, it was the turn of the British Government to suggest the possibility of international regulation of the industry. The demand for internationalising coal production was put forward by the International Miners Federation in 1930 and 1932. It was not until September, 1930, after the Central Council of British Coalowners had been established, that the first official international action was taken in the issue of invitations to the coalowners of Germany, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Czechoslovakia to discuss the regulation of conditions of sale and supply in the interests of greater stability of the whole industry. In January, 1932, a second conference, including an Italian representing the interests of consumers, voiced general agreement on the principle of international organisation as well as on its immediate practicability. But the producers could not accept the Italian view that any plans for the organisation of the industry should be submitted to the consuming countries. Unfortunately, also, it was decided that the League of Nations should take no active part in forming the agreement, and no central organ was created to see to the application of the recommendations.

It is clear, therefore, that there are producers' agreements in existence of an authoritative character, and that there is a marked tendency for such agreements to develop in other cases where they are not yet at the stage of establishing machinery of international control. These producers' agreements vary greatly in extent and authority. But what is particularly interesting is the part played by Governments both in initiating such agreements and in ensuring their application. So far they have entered the field at the behest of producers and in the interest of producers. In giving their support they have exacted no price. Yet that support has opened them to the charge of giving State support to the organisation of a monopoly that may have a harmful effect upon consumers. When the consumers can themselves secure the support of Governments it is clear that political conflict may be the consequence of Government participation.

To avoid such dangerous consequences there is only one policy. Governments must ensure that consumers are not only represented in an advisory capacity, a measure which may be taken solely in the interests of the producers themselves, but shall have a share in determining the nature, place and extent of production and the methods of distribution.

Were such a policy to be pursued it would undoubtedly remove some at least of the fears of Governments in the dissatisfied countries that their peoples, and their own ministries of defence, may be held up to toll by the powerful economic interests supported by political authority in more fortunate empires. Tendencies of this character are already present in such economic international organisation; they must be accepted and pushed along the channels in which an enlightened international economic policy would wish them to go. Great Britain is in each case in a peculiarly strong position to take the lead. There is no reason why it should not make the availability of its valuable markets dependent upon the willingness of countries to come to such an agreement.

Great Britain is also in a strong position in that industry which, more than any other, has been in the past and is likely to be in the future a source of political conflict, the oil industry. Here it has a huge market and a dominating interest in at least one powerful producing company. Nothing would be more likely to remove the justification for the claims of dissatisfied countries than an internationalisation of oil production.

What is called for is a two-fold economic organisation as part of the collective peace system. First, there must be in each commodity an agreement establishing an executive with Government authority which shall assure fair treatment and free access, shall organise the development of new markets, and shall be subject in its operation to International Labour Office regulation. Secondly, there must be a co-ordinating economic authority, whether a supreme Council of Ministers or such an economic conference as that demanded by the Labour Party in 1927 and by M. Léon Jouhaux and others at the World Economic Conference. It is not necessary to contemplate anything so far-reaching as that control over particular raw materials and foodstuffs successfully established between the Allies, under the Allied Maritime Transport Council. But it is in this direction that we must go.

H. R. G. Greaves

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

"*The time for some step to be taken could not be fixed now . . . the Government were, however, not unaware of the importance of the matter, and preliminary examination of the problem had now been begun.*"—Viscount Cranborne in reply to question in House of Commons, February 5th, on Economic Conference, or, more briefly, Government answer to almost anything.

"We who the course of England keep,
we hold it true whate'er befall,
Look long enough, you need not leap
at all.
We weigh the pro against the con,
count consequence on consequence,
perched imperturbably upon
the fence.
Green governments in fragments fly
by breakneck action undermined,
strong words pass by us like the i-
dle wind.
Encrusted on the ship of state
perpetual barnacles are we . . .
they longest serve who only wait
and see."

Sagittarius

FINGERPRINTS

Some people recently criticised the police rather severely for taking the fingerprints of two boys who had not been convicted of any crime. They held, apparently, that even in cases in which a policeman has the right to take your name and address and to take your body along with him to the police-station, he is going too far if he adds to all this the indignity of taking your fingerprints. Many people have extremely strong feelings on the subject of fingerprints. They consider that a man who has his fingerprints taken is branded, not only as a criminal, but as a slave. If a government brought in a bill ordering that the fingerprints of every man, woman and child in the country should be taken there would be a general outcry as though this were the first step towards the establishment of a dictatorship. Nearly all my friends, except a few Tories of the worst sort, would join in that outcry. Magna Charta would be invoked by everybody who knows no history. The Star Chamber would be recalled bitterly, and Englishmen would be told in many a noble peroration that they must be free or die who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold that Milton held. And, as a result of all this unbridled eloquence, the Home Secretary would be compelled to withdraw his bill and resign.

I have never been able to understand these strong feelings about fingerprints. I am already compelled to do so many things by the Government that I should not feel that I had lost an appreciable amount of my liberty through having pictures of the whorls on my fingers on view at Scotland Yard. To me this seems the merest trifle in comparison, for example, with having to unveil the secrets of my small income to the officials of Somerset House. That I consider a serious infringement both of my liberty and of my privacy. I cannot do anything about it, however, and presumably I get benefits in compensation for the loss of liberty and privacy that I suffer. Again, when the census is taken, I am compelled to reveal my age. I have myself no objection to this, but many people are sensitive on the point. If I wish to drive a motor car, I am forced to carry about a licence bearing my signature, and a policeman has the right at any moment to stop me on the road and make me produce this. If fingerprints are sacred, why should signatures not be equally so? And what about those libellous photographs of ourselves that we have to stick in our passports? I am, I assure you, much less ashamed of my fingerprints than of my passport photograph. There is nothing, indeed, that I would more willingly part with to the Government than the impression of my fingerprints. It can have them, if it likes, along with my age and my birthplace, on the next census paper. And, in parting with them, I shall not feel that I have betrayed either the tongue of Shakespeare or the faith and morals of Milton.

In the defence of liberty, it seems to me to be of cardinal importance to concentrate on the liberties that matter most to our happiness. For myself, I think that no liberty contributes more to human happiness than liberty of speech. At least, I cannot imagine myself happy as a citizen of a country in which I had to speak in whispers, if at all, on many of the subjects in which I am most interested. I can, of course, speak only for myself in this matter. And, even as regards myself, when I have been in Italy under the dictatorship, I have felt far from miserable, and most of the Italians whom I saw did not look miserable. Yet I cannot conceive that life would be tolerable in England, if any one who criticised the Government even at his own table might be dragged off to prison as the result of a servant's tale-bearing. It is not that my criticisms of the Government serve any useful purpose or that I am one of those people who eternally talk politics. On the whole, I would rather talk about football or the follies of my friends. Still, I should feel imprisoned in a country in which I had perpetually to mind what I was saying and in which espionage was everywhere, like the hidden hand. I should resent equally a censorship of the press that prevented me from learning what was happening in the world according to the reports of more or less honest men of all parties and opinions. I disliked even the B.B.C.'s refusal to allow Marconi to state the Italian case for the Abyssinian War over the wireless. It is better to have every sincere case stated, provided it can be stated in an inoffensive manner. I make this provision, because my theory of liberty would not claim the right for any one to make a virulent attack over the wireless on, say, Catholicism or Protestantism. The virulent have other mediums through which they may express themselves freely, or fairly freely, for even in a free country there is a line beyond which the virulent will never be allowed to go in the direction of obscenity and libel. There are advocates of freedom who protest against this check on liberty, but the majority of human beings, I fancy, would rightly or wrongly rather be free from obscenity and libel than free from checks on these things.

Next in importance to freedom of speech I would put freedom of movement. To be forbidden to live where one likes and to go where one likes would seem to me to be an intolerable form of imprisonment. It may be argued that few of us are really free to live where we like and to go where we like and that most of us are slaves whose movements are dictated or limited by economic necessity. I agree as to the importance of economic freedom, but even the man who is not economically free is the happier for being socially and politically free. The labourer who was tied to the land in the old days had the pains of imprisonment added to his poverty. I myself, owing to the nature of my occupation, am seldom free to leave England for more than a few weeks (and I could live a moderately happy life without ever travelling on the Continent); but this economic servitude does not make me as miserable as I should feel were I forbidden by the Government to travel abroad or, when travelling abroad, to take as much money out of the country as I chose. I like to possess the right to live in Florence, even though I do not possess the means. I feel freer and therefore happier because I know that I could go and live in Moscow if I cared to do so and could afford it.

There are other liberties that, no doubt, contribute to my happiness, but that I scarcely appreciate — the right to be tried by my peers, to be considered innocent till I am proved guilty, and so forth. Most of us, I fancy, would appreciate these liberties as they deserve only if they were withdrawn from us. Let them be withdrawn from us, however, and let the judges and magistrates become the tools of a dictatorship, and we should at once become aware of our helotry. Even if we ourselves did not suffer in the courts, we should see our friends suffer. We should see just men condemned and should feel imprisoned in their imprisonment. It is when one imagines such a thing's happening that one cannot understand the point of view of those who, in pursuit of economic freedom, are willing to throw away social and political freedom, even if only for a single generation.

I confess, however, that in recent years I have been worried far less often about possible dangers to habeas corpus, etc., than by the withdrawal of the right to buy beer during a country walk at any hour of the afternoon and of the right to buy cigarettes when I want them. It is true that I do not feel so warmly on these subjects as I once did. This may be partly due to resignation to my servitude, but it is due still more, I am sure, to the fact that I seldom go for a country walk, and that I can now get cigarettes from slot-machines or in public-houses after the shops are closed. Still I am strongly in favour of keeping shops open at all hours. Cities would look gayer, and citizens would be convenienced if trade went on till midnight. Not in all shops, but in a number of shops —just as a few post-offices are kept open late. In such cases, it would, of course, be necessary to protect shop-assistants from overwork by sending employers who kept anybody working more than the legal number of hours to prison. In the cause of freedom, I should certainly be in favour of sending them to prison.

It is obvious, then, that I prize the liberty of being able to buy a stud at nine o'clock in the evening far above the liberty of not having my fingerprints taken. In point of fact, I am rather in favour of having my fingerprints taken. Scotland Yard, I gather, dislikes the notion because of the trouble it would involve, but that is the only argument against it that seems to me worth considering. As for the arguments in its favour, how pleasant it would be to know that if I lost my memory a policeman could come and tell me who I was! Again, suppose that a case of mistaken identity arose and I were arrested on a charge of burglary with arms. How agreeable it would be to be able to prove that, though I had the same face and shoulders as the burglar, the fingerprints on the jewel-box were those of another! All things considered, it seems to me that in a world in which everybody's fingerprints were taken there would be more freedom for the doting and the innocent. Speaking as a man who looks forward to becoming the first and who hopes at a crisis to prove the second, I cannot but look on fingerprints with a benevolent eye.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

AMERICA AND JAPAN

SIR,—I notice in your comment on Mr. Boothby's letter appearing on p. 260 of your number of February 22nd, the confident assertion that Sir John Simon turned down America's offer of co-operation against Japan.

I shall be much interested to learn what authority you have for this statement. The unofficial information which I have received since I left the Diplomatic Service is all to the effect that nothing would have induced President Hoover to take any action against Japan in 1931 or 1932. F. O. LINDLEY

The Weir House, Alresford, Hants.

[We referred more particularly to the American Note to Japan of January 7th, 1932, and to the British Note of January 11th. Mr. Stimson's Note was a stiffly-worded intimation to Japan that the United States did not intend to recognise the fruits of Japanese aggression in Manchuria. It was made clear at the same time that Washington looked to Great Britain to adopt a similar attitude. Instead, the Foreign Office published a communique dissociating Great Britain from America's *démarche* and stating that we relied upon the Japanese assurance to Sir John Simon at the Council meeting in Paris that Japan would respect the Open Door in Manchuria (how ironical this sounds to-day!). Further, it cannot have been altogether without significance that General Dawes was sent in the autumn of 1931 to consult for weeks together with members of the League Council or that Mr. Stimson himself came to Geneva during the Assembly of March, 1932. We do not believe that anyone who was watching events from London, Washington or Geneva at that time will differ when we say that the American Government was at this stage in the Manchurian dispute anxious to co-operate, as far as it could, with the League, and that the British attitude—Sir John was at this time openly apologising for Japan—did serious harm to British-American relations and threw away a golden opportunity of associating America more closely with the League. Our private information was that the United States Government was at that time prepared for close collaboration, but how far it would have gone if the League had adopted a different course must, of course, remain a matter of speculation.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

WOMEN AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

SIR,—It is odd that it is still considered clever to make scathing remarks about women's colleges, but it is even odder that the implications of these remarks are not examined by those who indulge in them. For if, as is suggested, it is the rules (which are certainly stricter than those of men's colleges, but are fast disappearing in Cambridge) that produce the "girls' school atmosphere," then what are we to think of the women dons who, together with the University authorities, are responsible for these rules? Must our conclusion be that higher education produces a class of women less, and not more, broadminded than the generality of mankind?

No, for the assumption was a false one. It is not only the rules that produce the atmosphere, but also the behaviour of all those who live in the colleges. To condemn the atmosphere is to condemn the whole way in which women live within their institutions. Is this justifiable?

It may be that it is. It is certain that women do not get the same kind of quasi-intellectual satisfaction out of one another that men do. The tolerant congeniality that is associated with men's beer-parties and pipes is seldom found among women, in or outside colleges. They either have not got, or do not yet appreciate, true independence.

And what better illustration of the existence and acceptance of this feeling of inferiority could be given than that supplied by

"Undergraduette" in your last issue? Must women be content with having "some time of value to give to other people" and with the four alternative careers of "school-mistresses, social workers, wives *or* mothers"?

M. E. Hill.
S. M. Harvey.
Newnham College, Cambridge. C. G. Thornton

Sir,—F. B.'s criticisms of Newnham are not entirely fair. The position of women at Cambridge is improving all the time, and now practically no University activity is closed to them. That the high-school atmosphere does linger in all women's colleges is due, I think, to causes outside their own control.

One is that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge strictly limit the number of women. This necessitates a stiff entrance examination, so that the average schoolgirl cannot, as the public schoolboy does, look forward to a university career as the normal finish to her education. Generally those who do best in this examination are the high-school girls who have been skilfully "crammed" (and have grown stale in the process), and whose only idea is to return to their high school to teach. Therefore they continue to "cram" eight or ten hours a day in order to get a good degree, and they fail to take any part in the life of the University.

Another cause is lack of endowments. There are not enough Fellowships; those there are nearly all involve teaching. The opportunities for further studies by studentships or research fellowships are so few that women who have to earn their own livings and yet wish to go on with research frequently become school-mistresses hoping to have time for their own work in the holidays. This means that dons are apt to be recruited from the ranks of school-mistresses.

The women's colleges have not yet forgotten their early struggles for recognition. Indeed, at Cambridge they have not yet been given proper University status. The lack of proper position and the smallness of their numbers make the women feel they are in Cambridge on sufferance. This feeling is particularly strong among the older dons; and so they feel responsible for the good behaviour of the students in a way the male authorities would think entirely unnecessary. Hence the number of tiresome regulations which restrict the woman student.

26 Randall Place, Elisabeth Clapham
Heaton, Bradford.

Sir,—The differences of opinion expressed in your correspondents' letters on the subject of freedom of women at Oxford and Cambridge is no doubt due to differing opinions as to the degree of freedom women are entitled to expect.

I cannot, however, agree with Mrs. Strachey that "there is nothing left of the segregation and isolation of women students." The facts stated by Eveline Crallan make it clear that this is not so at Oxford. She has, however, made one error. The rules with regard to chaperones have recently been relaxed and women are now permitted to visit men's rooms alone up to 7 p.m. I am not aware that permission is necessary to hold mixed parties, but permission must be obtained for all parties where alcohol is consumed.

Her observation that the atmosphere of school still hangs closely over the women's colleges is interesting, because the same applies equally well to the men's colleges; and her statement that everything that is possible is done to prevent men and women from making friendships or having normal social intercourse" is absolutely true. The recent decision to ban the Dance Club, after permission for its formation had been given provisionally, is an example of this attitude.

I cannot agree that there is surprisingly little active opposition in Oxford; because the school education which the majority of students receive is in no way calculated to produce critical minds. The obvious contentment of your correspondent "Undergraduette" (an abominable word) supports my contention, for if the facts as stated by Eveline Crallan have "a characteristic note of freedom" for "Undergraduette," then one can only conclude that she has recently come up from a "conventional school," able to accept her inferior status without question.

There is in Oxford at the moment a considerable amount of moderate and steady agitation against the more ludicrous of sex discriminations, and I for one am optimist enough to believe that the more conservative elements will eventually admit the principle of the equality of the sexes and sweep away the inequalities of the present time. "University Student"

Wadham College, Oxford.

ARMS AND POLICY

Sir,—You burke the issue which I raised with regard to oil sanctions. "The French," you say, "always came with us when we gave a lead." This is simply untrue. M. Laval made it perfectly plain that he was not prepared to come with us in imposing an oil sanction. And, at the same time, announcements appeared in the Italian press that such a sanction would be regarded as an act of war.

But it is useless to argue with anyone who is capable of stating in cold print, at this critical juncture, that "we moved our Fleet to the Mediterranean for Imperial purposes without reference to the League."

This disgraceful statement is an indication of the lengths to which you are prepared to go in reckless disparagement of the British Government, and of the kind of support they can expect to receive should your efforts to involve them in war unhappily prove successful. No doubt it will be noted, and quoted, by Fascist and Nazi propagandists all over the world.

Fortunately we have the Maffey Report as proof that the Government at no time regarded Italian activities in Abyssinia as a menace to our Imperial interests. And most foreign countries, together with practically all responsible newspapers (not excluding the *Daily Worker*!) acknowledge the fact that we moved our Fleet to the Mediterranean for the sole purpose of sustaining the League policy which you have so vehemently advocated in past years.

Your fundamental dilemma remains. Effectively to restrain an aggressor State, overwhelming strength is essential. And to pursue a League policy in existing conditions, without adequate armaments, is criminal insanity. Robert Boothby

[Unfortunately for Mr. Boothby the White Paper on Defence explains very clearly that we moved the fleet to the Mediterranean (before any policy of sanctions had been decided on) because Mussolini's aggression appeared to endanger the British Empire. This warning to Italy would have been intelligible as part of a League policy if (*a*) other League Powers had been consulted and asked to co-operate, and (*b*) if it had been a preliminary to a League policy. Actually it was a preliminary to the Laval-Hoare proposals; and the fact that our fleet was in the Mediterranean, and therefore in danger from Mussolini, was used as a reason for not applying sanctions which the Duce disapproved of! Later we asked for a promise of co-operation and immediately received it from France and other Powers.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

"EQUALITY" IN THE U.S.S.R.

Sir,—Having recently completed 7,000 unconducted miles in the U.S.S.R., travelling with a Russian-speaking friend, from Moscow down through the Ukraine to Rostov, the Black Sea, the Caucasus, Georgia, and, against the regulations, crossing the Caspian into Turkestan, I should like to offer—for what it is worth—my comment on two points raised by Mr. Joad's letter in your last issue.

At Sotchi, a "Riviera" resort on the Black Sea, my friend and I stayed in one of these sanatoria or "rest-homes" to which Mr. Joad refers, and there were no regulations concerning bed-time. Indeed, my friend and I suffered very much from a very loud speaker blaring away in the grounds till well after midnight. Although it was October the nights were very mild, and a great number of people sat out in the garden listening to this outdoor wireless concert night after night. Others danced and played billiards and sat about till past midnight. It is possible, however, that workers receiving treatment in these sanatoria would be required to keep early hours under doctor's orders, so possibly both the Webbs and Mr. Fischer are right. It should be understood that these rest-homes are a combination of sanatorium and hotel. They provide medical treatment for those who need it, and most workers utilising them as holiday homes like to be medically examined on arrival, so that anything wrong may be righted by medical treatment and special diet. Those who have nothing wrong with them use the home as an ordinary hotel.

Mr. Joad raises a nice point when he asks what is to become of "the ideal of equality of economic status and the classless society" when expensive clothes are available only to those who govern Russia. I have recently been rebuked by Moscow over the radio for venturing to criticise the U.S.S.R. in print—in spite of the fact that the sum of my remarks was very definitely pro-Russian—and one of my criticisms was he deplorable lack of equality in Russia to-day, and what I am not alone in regarding as the trend towards the establishment of a new bourgeoisie of better paid and over-privileged workers. Whatever may be the ideal, the U.S.S.R.

is very far off from having achieved a classless society. Granted that the more valuable workers are entitled to higher remuneration for their services than is paid for purely mechanical or otherwise unskilled labour, a real classless society would not, as the U.S.S.R. does, provide its commissars with town apartments and charming, palatial villas in the country in addition, whilst all over the Union many of the poorer paid workers live in chronically over-crowded conditions—some in cellars and the most incredible hovels. Within a stone's throw of each other outside of Moscow there is a commissar's stately country home provided for himself, his wife, and two children, and a peasant's house in which there are several families, and in one squalid room live a man and his wife and two children.

I could quote many similar examples of blatant inequalities in social and economic status and living conditions in this professed "classless society" of the U.S.S.R. The Communist reply to this, of course, is that Russia is in a state of "transition." To which jam-to-morrow protest there is no answer—save a counter-protest of scepticism. **ETHEL MANNIN**

Oak Cottage,
Burghley Road,
Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

SOCIAL CREDIT

SIR,—In his highly instructive account of "Social Credit Up to Date" your contributor does not seem to have grasped the doctrinal distinction between Social Creditors and Social Crediters. A Social Creditor is one to whom society owes something, a Social Crediter is one who believes that society's debt to the individual should be paid by a mechanism invented by Major Douglas.

The Petition Council which directs the petition to the King, which your contributor mentions, is not composed of Social Crediters, but of those who believe that society owes a debt in the shape of under-distribution *and under-production* to such social creditors as the unemployed and the taxpayers. The petition attempts to have argued the case for a judgment *in rem* against the present methods of financing distribution and production, without any charge or animosity against the personnel of that system. As a member of the Council, I should be glad if you will give space to this correction. **J. P. ANGOLD**

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Franklin's article on "Social Credit Up to Date," published in your issue of February 29th, was very interesting, and in stating the history and present position of the various facets of the movement was, I believe, quite correct.

I gathered from the article that Mr. Franklin is not a Douglasite, and though I am pleased that he so strongly discredits the Electoral Campaign, there are certain statements he wrote which force me to take up my pen and fight.

He writes: "The more Major Douglas's arguments have been examined by economists the more they have been discredited. It is precisely the 'experts' who are not merely unconvinced but contemptuous." The human element unhappily enters in, and a study of the rudiments of modern psychology would teach Mr. F. that purely logical and unbiased thought is rarely, if ever, possible. Three years' campaigning for Social Credit have taught me that this is true even of "experts." Social Credit is, in my opinion, logically watertight, but it is hopeless trying to convince the mass of the people ("experts" and economists included) on such a vital matter by any other than emotional means. Travelling from door to door with a form to be signed on the dotted line to me at least has very little emotional appeal.

According to the article Major Douglas has stated that "if there were a Social Credit Party in this country, long before it became a formidable menace its organisation would contain in most of its key positions a set of rogues. . . ." That is precisely why the Greenshirts have organised themselves in a certain way and why they maintain that organised mass pressure *outside* Parliament for Douglas Social Credit and nothing but Douglas Social Credit will in the end be the only means of bringing about the Social Credit State in this country.

There can be no doubt about present or potential plenty. Mr. Franklin can prove this for himself by turning to a book recently published by Stanley Nott, called *Distribute or Destroy*, by Brynjolf Bjφrset (translated from the Norwegian). The translators have added an appendix containing well-authenticated figures from many different sources which afford conclusive enough evidence.

Now, Major Douglas's proposals stand or fall by his A plus B theorem in spite of what certain Social Crediters themselves maintain. This theorem proves ineluctably why there is an inevitable and increasing gap between the aggregate of purchasing power and prices. From this and from the premiss that work should to-day not necessarily be the only claim on goods, his constructive proposals follow more or less automatically. *No expert has ever disproved this theorem.* I challenge anybody from Dictator Montagu Norman downwards to refute this statement.

I claim the right to make this challenge not as an "expert," but as one of a vast army, one whom Mr. Maurice Colbourne has termed the P.B.C. (the Poor Bloody Consumer) and what is more as one who is a member of an as yet not so vast army which is fighting a battle against power, lust and tyranny of a peculiarly subtle, insidious and devitalising kind. **A GREENSHIRT**

GAINSBOROUGH

SIR,—On reading the article in your issue of February 29th on "The Gainsborough Exhibition" I felt tempted to exclaim with the librettist:

> It is all very well to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me downstairs?

Your critic, having apparently borrowed—without acknowledgment—my suggestion that of all our British painters Gainsborough is the most suitable to accompany the Exhibition of Chinese Art, partly on account of the magical calligraphy of his style and partly because of the intuitive nature of his composition, then proceeds to give me a horrid slap not unaccompanied by some implied misrepresentation.

As a "Sunday" critic I have certainly suggested, and hold by the suggestion, that the high mechanical inventiveness, or one might say probably genius, of *two* of Gainsborough's brothers has a very great significance. It is not to be dismissed by a mere shrug. And surely to point out that Gainsborough, our best and our most insular of painters, was so British that he could paint a dog, has a deliberate yet not altogether unworthy purpose in trying to tempt to the show—for the benefit of the Northern Hospitals—a few of Britain's numberless dog worshippers. **JAN GORDON**

Bayswater, W.2.

[Unlike Mr. Gordon, Mr. Pope-Hennessy did not compare Chinese painting with that of Gainsborough. He merely suggested that the study of the former aided the appreciation of the latter.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE ROOTS OF WAR

Sir,—In the review of "The Roots of War," which you published on February 22nd, reference is made to the Anti-War Committee of the Society of Friends as being one of the bodies responsible for it. This should have read the Anti-War Group. I feel it is necessary to point this out as the book has not the support of the official Peace Committee of the Society, and the Anti-War Group is as yet representative of only a small number of Friends. **JOHN W. STRANGE,**
Clerk, Friends Anti-War Group.

14 Heathfield Road,
Acton, W.3.

ABORTION

SIR,—Writing on behalf of the signatories to a previous letter, may I point out in reply to Dr. Stella Churchill's letter that it was not intended to imply that there is difficulty in the diagnosis of a death immediately due to abortion?

From facts known to us, we believe, however, that when death ensues after abnormal pregnancy and difficult confinement the fatality may be the result of illegal unsuccessful attempts at abortion in the early stages of gestation, and that these cases, registered as deaths from sepsis, heart failure, etc., may be the unconfessed tragedies which do not, for very good reasons, appear in published abortion statistics. **ALICE JENKINS**

London, W.8.

UNIFIED CONTROL

SIR,—In drawing attention to the Southern Railway's method of arranging cheap fares, "Critic" will release a flood of letters, full of other examples. Here are two local ones:

You can get a cheap day ticket from London to every station which is next to Norwood Junction (before and after), Crystal Palace, Selhurst, Thornton Heath, South Norwood, East Croydon and West Croydon. But not one to Norwood Junction. Neither is one allowed to book to a further station and alight at Norwood! So while I can travel to Croydon and back for 1*s.* 5*d.*, I must pay 1*s.* 10*d.* return to our station, which is a 3*d.* fare nearer London.

There are two routes from Norwood to Victoria: one via Selhurst and one Crystal Palace. If on the return journey from Victoria you alight at Selhurst and decide to leave the station rather than wait for the connecting train, you are charged 2*d.*

Norwood Junction is a bus terminus, and a most delightful example of the value of the unified control we were promised when the L.P.T.B. took over. The buses are timed to leave the yard as the trains arrive, so one always sees the back of a departing bus, leaving a crowd of people with 12 minutes to wait for the next! L. GIBBES

5 Court Road,
South Norwood, S.E.25.

[Critic adds: Another correspondent tells me that I could have done my return journey for 5*d.* if I had taken a No. 2 bus!—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

EXISTENCE

SIR,—Here are a few suggestions and hints to vary Mr. Minton's diet. He spends 1*s.* 6½*d.* on bread, margarine and cheese. The 2*s.* 5*d.* spent on tinned food and mustard-and-cress might be used as follows:

		s.	*d.*
Sunday.	¼ lb. roast brisket of beef		5½
Monday.	2 oz. boiled ham		3
Tuesday.	Beef and potato pie, hot		3
Wednesday.	Fish (3*d.*) and chips (1*d.*), hot.. ..		4
Thursday.	¼ lb. potted meat		4½
Friday.	Beef and potato pie, hot		3
Saturday.	¼ lb. brawn (or fish and chips, 4*d.*, hot)		2
	Extras.		
½ lb. cream crackers or ginger biscuits, or 1 lb. dates			3
1 banana or 1 bar plain chocolate, spread or grated on the bread and margarine			1
		2	5

He could buy the roast brisket, ham and brawn at a "Cooked Foods" shop on Saturday. Confectioners sell pies hot from the oven before noon; they also sell potted meat the latter half of the week. Fish and chips are sold at noon on Wednesdays and Saturdays. M. W. S.

Filey.

A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY

SIR,—During my peregrinations of the vast British Industries Fair, I was struck by the significant absence of one of our greatest industries. This confirmed in my mind the strong complaints about lack of Government support which have been raised of late by the leading gentlemen engaged in that industry. I refer, of course, to armaments. How are we to account for this strange neglect of an industry which is indeed the envy of the civilised world? It says indeed much for British enterprise that the industry has kept itself alive.

Exhibitions are held for building, shipping, radio, motor cars, food, industrial art and what not, but all these are child's play compared to munitions of war. I am certain that an Armaments Exhibition would prove a great popular attraction, especially to boys who, as we know, devour quantities of annuals about navies, armies and airplanes, and delight in toy soldiers, tanks and guns, but who seldom get the chance of seeing the real thing. We have numerous unemployed ex-officers and soldiers who would be glad to demonstrate the efficiency of the various weapons.

For the more serious visitors next year could hardly be bettered, since kings, dictators, statesmen, military and naval attachés and experts will be coming to London in large numbers, and would surely welcome the chance of combining a little real business with the ceremonies and entertainments of the Coronation. It might be argued that the Exhibition would also be used by revolutionaries, gangsters and gunmen, but such rogues will obtain arms anyway, and we have the authority of one of the leaders of the armament industries who has said that he deals quite readily with both sides in any dispute.

The times are also singularly favourable for a concerted lead at this moment. There is at least one good war in progress, to keep all of us war-minded. Several are simmering or brewing in the Far East. There is more than one revolution in prospect. In naval armaments the limit of the last few years has been finally raised by Japan. Indeed, every civilised government is at last filling the gaps in its defence. England again intends to take the lead and may be expected to set the pace for other nations in the matter of defence. Quite apart from foreign orders, the £300 million pounds which our army, naval and air experts demand, should stimulate every worthwhile concern into taking liberal space for the display of its goods.

It is true that certain lines, such as super-dreadnoughts and super-bombers, have become rather "out-size" for any metropolitan exhibition, even for the reconstructed Earls Court, for which this Exhibition would provide a magnificent send off. I suggest however, that Naval weeks and Air Pageants could be held in conjunction with the main function in London, and could be related by a proper sales service. Thus we conjure up a new and wider conception of our fighting services, a living demonstration-machine for a nation's industry.

I am aware that the sponsoring of such an enterprise by the British Government might be opposed by certain supporters of the League of Nations who have not rightly understood where our interests lie. As one of our most distinguished armaments manufacturers put it at a recent inquiry, there are some fanatics who entertain an exaggerated regard for human life. To avoid wounding any susceptibilities therefore, I would advocate calling it "The International Exhibition of National Defence."

20 Tavistock Street, W.C.2. N. L. CARRINGTON

Miscellany

THIS WINTER IN MOSCOW

"SUGAR'S down again," announced my friend Dora Efimovna, putting down her market-bag and stamping the snow off her goloshes. . . . "Twenty-five per cent. cheaper than yesterday . . . everybody in the shops is so pleased."

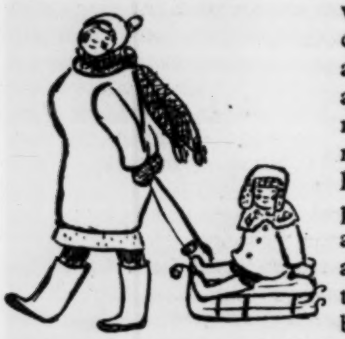
The heroine of the hour here is the Ukrainian peasant girl, Maria Demchenko, who has leaped into fame by raising and harvesting more than 500 centners of sugar beet per hectare, on the collective farm where she works.

Her photograph beams triumphantly from the front page of the newspapers, Stalin himself pinned the Order of Lenin on her breast, a film has been made of her achievement, and everyone repeats her saucy retort to the teasing inquiry "Why, Maria, whatever will you do with so much sugar?" "Well," she replied, "come and drink tea with us." For it is not so long ago that sugar was a great luxury in the Russian villages.

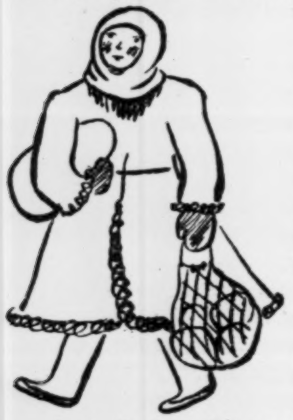
For here, of course, the greater the sugar output the cheaper the product, and the shorter the hours of work. Bread, too, is plentiful and cheap. The bakeries are jubilantly turning out vastly increased quantities of black, white, and brown loaves, rolls, buns, pies, all manner of cakes. The delicious spiced "Borodinsky" bread has made a welcome reappearance after years of absence.

It is Collectivisation which has finally conquered the food problem. It has been a hard and bitter struggle. This giant effort (for which whole cities to produce tractors were summoned into being on the empty steppes, in which half-wild tribesmen have been transformed into skilled mechanics and ignorant peasants into careful agriculturists) has indeed succeeded. And the bounteous results cram the food-shops of the entire Soviet Union. Deputations of peasants from the Ukraine, from Kazan, Uzbekistan, from all the national minorities, come to Moscow to tell how much better off they are than before. The town and country are drawing closer together, and everyone is certainly happier. Many other things will soon be available, too, but the importance of the food question cannot be over-estimated. It is the first essential and the key to general prosperity, which is now obviously on the way.

The theme of the new ballet, *The Merry Brook*, at the Bolshoi Theatre is Harvest-time at a Collective Farm. To Shostakovitch's tantalising music, the corps de ballet of peasant-girls and boys, in which mingle red army men, komsomols, pioneers and a middle-aged agronomist, dance the joyful Soviet harvest. The old Ukrainian peasant dances are introduced, a travelling ballet provides the appropriate classical interlude, the costumes and decor are as brilliant as the early Diaghileff productions and *everyone* likes it. The most carping American aesthete in Moscow has declared this gay, comic, unpretentious ballet, "cute." The final scene of a carnival of monster vegetables invariably brings an ovation from the crowded theatre. At last the stronghold of classical music and classical ballet (and nothing can be more classic than the Russian variety of heavy opera) begins to reflect contemporary Soviet life.

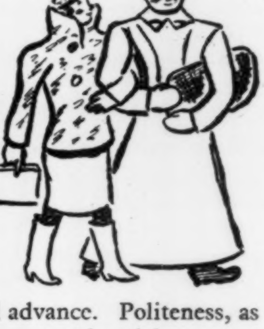


Not only is there plenty of food now in Moscow, but the quality and variety are rapidly rising. There is a new Fish Shop recently opened on the Tverskaya, which is superior to any shop in the West End of London. It occupies a whole block, sells every imaginable variety of fish; fresh fish, cured fish, raw fish, cooked fish, countless varieties of caviar and all sorts of fish delicacies. It is a gourmet's dream. Its windows, planned by artists, present a dazzling series of softly lit aquarium pictures . . . nacrelined monster curled shells dripping strings of rosy coral . . . live fishes darting through green water starred with coloured pebbles . . . tanks of rare specimens, cunningly lit from below . . . Inside the shop are beautiful carvings in white stone of the fishing industry, and playing fountains.



And it is the workers who crowd this shop to buy so eagerly at every counter.

Amongst the other things which will soon follow in abundance and better quality are clothes and houses. Already the clothes are distinctly better than a year ago. The mother pulling her baby in a wooden sledge for its airing on the boulevard, the young workers skating and ski-ing in the parks every evening, the street-cleaners themselves, all look smarter. And after the New Year the school-children are to be put into trim school uniforms. (A welcome change, in my view, from the present anarchy of red velvet with lace collars, peasant shirts, sailor hats, sports clothes and what not.) The housing situation is perceptibly easing, as new blocks of flats steadily rise. Trains run to time and Moscow at last keeps its appointments punctually. Along with this goes the cultural advance. Politeness, as distinct from the free-and-easy good-humoured social currency of before, is required. Some of us will be sorry to see the old hand-language drop out. But Gorki has pleaded for no sentiment about the preservation of vulgarities, even though strangers find them so interesting . . . in the same way that Europeans mourn the disappearance from village life of the bark-skin plaited *Lapti*, those picturesque peasant shoes which let in the wet and were the cause of so much ill-health in the villages. Much more typical of the peasant to-day is the ancient crone who clambered off the escalator at Kirovskaya, having just completed her first trip by Metro. She pulled her shawl comfortably around her head, breathed a vast sigh of contentment and remarked to the world at large :—



"There! Now *I've* been under the earth, too."

In January, the stabilisation of the rouble marks the end of the period of struggle for essentials. The foreign-currency store, Torgsin, will change its name to Luxe and sell exactly the same things for roubles. The Black Rouble exchange, once a flourishing illegal trade at 200 or so to the £ has been shrinking and shrinking. Already it is difficult to obtain 90. The alchemy is remorselessly at work. Precisely at that moment when the rouble achieves stability the Black Rouble will liquidate itself. And no-one will be sorry but the speculators, and a few of the tourists who ought to have had more principle, anyway.

I was crossing Sverdlov Square after the ballet the other night with a friend. In the middle of the huge place a piece of bread lay on the snowy road. Someone had dropped it. My friend shook his head reflectively. . . . "I was thinking about the year 1921, when we had a great famine in Russia, after the civil war. . . ." he said thoughtfully . . . "That piece of bread was then more precious than gold. Now you see . . ." ". . . Well come and drink tea with us. . . ."

PEARL BINDER

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

FREDERIC MYERS told me in the early 'nineties that wishing to make sure of an exquisite occupation for his last hours he had resolved not to read *Pride and Prejudice* again till he was on his deathbed. I envied him his self-control; for I foresaw that I should never school myself to his abstinence, and that when I called for the book at my latter end it would have lost the freshness, the quality of surprise, which he was so prudently preserving in it for himself.

I tell this anecdote in order to discount the reservations which I shall have to make in discussing the delightful production at the St. James's. I watched it in the spirit of the child who has asked for a story which he knows by heart, and cries with vexation if the narrator says that the Goose-girl had nine geese when he knows she had a dozen; and I wish to put on record that my younger friends in the audience, unhampered by my kill-joy knowledge, which they called pedantry, were enthralled.

The difficulty of packing into the two-and-a-half hours allowed for a modern play a story so rich in indispensable detail, so subtly weighted in its preparation for every turn of the plot, is insuperable; and lovers of the novel must be prepared to make allowances when the familiar incidents telescope like a train in an accident. Twice at least I allowed myself more than a passing wince; once when (seemingly for the mere sake of a "curtain") Jane told Elizabeth that she had let Bingley kiss her at the ball—an event which, seeing what Jane was and what Bingley knew her to be, would have stultified the arguments with which his sister and Darcy subsequently persuaded him that she did not deeply care for him; and again when we found that after one night spent with the Collins's, Elizabeth had been invited by Lady Catherine (for no reason that was vouchsafed) to transfer herself to Rosings. This may be partly condoned on the consideration that it would otherwise have been difficult to place a scene in Mr. Rex Whistler's incomparable rendering of the Rosings drawing-room; but it was typical of a certain general shakiness about the social values of the period.

The dialogue is a different matter. There was little ground for positive complaint of incongruity or anachronism, and some of Miss Jerome's interpolations—for instance, the comment of the nerve-ridden Mrs. Bennet, when she had driven her husband out of the room by her inexhaustible idiocy, that "Gentlemen have no control over their nerves"—were really happy. But her English is not so good as Miss Austen's, and she must think it is better: else why does she so often tinker at the sacred text? The most glaring instance was the treatment of the scene in which Lady Catherine tries to terrorise Elizabeth into renouncing her supposed engagement to Darcy. There is no finer dramatic dialogue in the language, and I can imagine no reason of any kind why it should be not only abbreviated but enfeebled. Lady Catherine's final fulmination, for example: "I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention," is watered down to "I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no *farewell messages* to your mother." When Mr. Bennet asked Mr. Collins whether his flatteries of Lady Catherine "proceeded from the impulse of the moment, or were the result of previous study," I was all keyed-up for the sublime reply: "They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time; and though I sometimes amuse myself with arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible." But the cup was dashed from my lips: Mr. Collins merely answered, "They come to me by nature."

Among the performers, Miss Celia Johnson, who plays Elizabeth, wins the first prize with ease. She is all "spirit, fire, and dew"; and I could not have believed beforehand that I should be so entirely satisfied with a presentation of my favourite heroine.

Mr. Athole Stewart, as was to be expected, gave a skilful and charming performance as Mr. Bennet (though I wished he would not speak of the "*lore* of entail"); but does he not slightly shift the emphasis? He plays Mr. Bennet as an obviously good-natured man who sometimes says a sharp thing with a *bonhomie* which takes the sting away. To my notion the habitual irony with which Mr. Bennet arms himself against folly is drier, tarter, sometimes more wounding than this: only to Jane and Elizabeth does he show the goodness of his heart.

Miss Barbara Everest as his wife, though very entertaining, did not quite reach the heights of her recent Queen Anne. She was any feather-pated and voluble ex-beauty, and did not bring out the egotism, ruthless and concentrated as that of some insect described by Fabre, which prevented Mrs. Bennet from ever seeing anything quite straight.

Mr. Hugh Williams was a pleasant surprise. Going by the parts in which I had last seen him, I should have cast him for the detrimental and seductive Wickham; but he played Mr. Darcy with dignity, distinction, and a suppressed charm which was exactly right. One chance was missed. When Elizabeth rejected with scorn and contumely his arrogant and over-confident proposal, Darcy must have felt as if she had lashed his face with a whip; but Mr. Williams was made to stand with his back to the house. This may have been done with the mistaken (and supererogatory) purpose of leaving the field clear for Miss Johnson's invective; but it is evident that her effect on the audience could only be enhanced by their seeing her effect on her interlocutor.

Miss Eva Moore played with ability and a false nose against her native charm and gentleness; but she was not quite Lady Catherine. This personage is a dinosaur of aristocracy: her vulgarity is that of a very great lady; and unless she is felt to be thoroughly formidable, Elizabeth's merit in seeing through her and standing up to her is diminished. Miss Dorothy Hyson's voice is of a post-war timbre, but her beauty is of no age, and she made an enchanting Jane. Lydia, in the person of Miss Leueen Macgrath, had stepped straight out of the book; and Mr. John Teed, except for the accident that he was if anything taller than Darcy ("If Darcy were not such a great tall fellow in comparison with myself, I should not pay him half so much deference") was an ideal Bingley, winning and debonair.

Mr. Rex Whistler's scenery and costumes, and his elegant title-page curtain, should of themselves draw the town. One hat, in the likeness of a scarlet waste-paper basket, was too successful in its intentional monstrosity: it "stole" the scene in which Miss Bingley wore it. All else was perfection.

EDWARD MARSH

ANY POETRY REVIVAL

I THOUGHT my poem would set the town alight,
But it didn't—never, never.
Though I were David and Isaiah,
Job and Villon, Jeremiah,
Blake and each blue hand of fire,
Smoking viol and tinder lyre,
I may not set the town alight.

A poem is but a little rainbow thing,
Translunar magic dropping from Thought's wing
To set some jaded heart astir with wonder.
Just that and that, or something coil'd with that—
A flare in the dark, a bloom in the brain's bleakness
To trouble pining scribes and irk their weakness
Until with jealous ribs they start to sing.

And thus the treadmill lyric wheel goes round,
And most give up, or fall upon the ground,
Though some endure the whirling till it jams.

And then they die and every one is buried,
A thousand good and stammering poets are buried,
A thousand dull and radiant mouths eat soil.

But when the blackthorn whitens from their foreheads
A sexton comes, called Life, who digs up—twelve;
Five of them "failures" to whom few gave heed.

HERBERT PALMER

BUSONI'S LETTERS

A COLLECTION of Busoni's letters written to his wife has just recently been published* in Zurich, with a preface by Willi Schuh. These letters date from January 1895, when Busoni, who was born in 1866, was nearly thirty years old, until July 1923, about one year before his death, which took place on July 27th, 1924, in his fifty-eight year.

As a virtuoso pianist Busoni must be ranked with Liszt and Anton Rubinstein; as a musician he was of outstanding intellectual quality, combining—in so far as we can generalise safely about the racial characteristics—the solidity of the Germans (being through his mother, Anna Weiss, a gifted pianist of his day, of Bavarian stock) and the brilliance and gaiety of the Italians, of whom his father, a clarinet player, was a typical specimen of the dashing kind summed up so well in his own son's description of him as "a seeker after cheap applause" (ricecatore di facili glorie).

As a composer Busoni's rank remains still to be determined, since his latest and most characteristic compositions, such as the operas *Doktor Faust*, *Turandot* and *Arlecchino*, remain practically unknown. Before his death in 1924, however, he had become one of the greatest intellectual influences in modern music, and there was no musician in Europe or America with a reputation of equal quality. Seeing that as a composer he never achieved, in his lifetime, the general success either of Richard Strauss, Debussy or even Elgar among those of his own generation, nor the success among the young of such juniors as Stravinsky, his unique reputation may seem all the more astonishing, especially since even as a virtuoso he had more popular rivals such as Paderewski. It must be mentioned also that although during those last thirty years of his life as travelling virtuoso he enjoyed success and that especial kind of reputation among the best of his profession which is never to be won by publicity, but of which the public remains always in ignorance, he was never what I may describe as an "Albert Hall" player; never, that is, one of those box-office panjandrums whose earning powers are featured on the front pages and in the headlines of the daily press. It may be taken as an axiom that these musicians are rarely, if ever, at the top of their profession, but Busoni, although his recitals in London were given almost entirely in small halls, such as the Wigmore, was absolutely at the top with a reputation equalled by none.

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* Busoni, Briefe an seiner Frau, herausgegeben von Friedrich Schnapp, Rotapfel-Verlag, Erlenbach—Zurich Leipzig.

What, therefore, was the secret of Busoni's unique reputation and influence, seeing that Paderewski, d'Albert and Pachmann rivalled him in some respects as a pianist, while his position as a composer remains still uncertain? It is to be found in these letters which reveal not only an extraordinary personality, but present a remarkable history of the development of an altogether exceptional intellect. It is not often that in the letters of an artist, the steady growth of his mind and of his powers is clearly revealed step by step. Perhaps the classic example in English letters is that of Keats. I would not claim for Busoni that there are to be found in his letters any of those profound revelations which we find occasionally in the letters of Keats. We do not get such flashes of illumination so much as the steady beam of an exceptionally powerful and individual mind directed upon everything around it. Busoni was bilingual in German and Italian; his letters to his wife, who was the daughter of a Swedish sculptor, were written in German and Berlin was his home for the greater part of his later life. But he was quite at home with French and English literature and everywhere he went he gathered a quantity of the books he had read upon which his comments are always fresh and interesting. On his visit to America in 1904 he writes:

> O land of servitude for all that is living! For all that is poetical, historical, artistic and human! A country where the means become the end. Railways, which should assist man, are his goal; gold which should enrich him is in itself his pleasure; industries which should provide him with comforts and the amenities of life, have become themselves the masters of their creators. Roads are multiplied, gold is gained, production is increased, *just for its own sake, merely in order that someone else may not do it first!* Sad, sad, and *hateful!* . . . To-day I write the word *Finis* under America. With how much greater joy shall I set this word at the bottom of my "Concerto"!
>
> * * *
>
> . . . . The chief difference between Englishmen and Americans seems to me to be that the former are always silent, while the others are always babbling. One can notice it most clearly in the railway trains.

There is a great deal of interesting criticism of music scattered through his letters. As is well known, Busoni was in his later years one of the leaders of the modern revolt against Wagner. From Chicago on March 15th, 1904, he writes:

> I was yesterday evening at *Walküre*. . . . But what a disillusionment it was to hear this work again after many years. How poor and empty it seemed to me (there are only three subjects in the whole piece, and three effective closing scenes) and how cheap.

It was his practice to buy scores to read when travelling, and he gives on his way from New York to Cuxhaven in the "Blücher" between March 24th and April 3rd, 1904, a most amusing analysis of Richard Strauss's *Sinfonia domestica*, which is too long to quote here; about a fortnight earlier, he writes from Chicago that he got hold of two scores in Boston, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*. In view of the approaching performance of the latter at the Courtauld-Sargent concert on March 9th, it is interesting to see that Busoni writes of this work, that:

> It contains moments when I (old routinist) opened my mouth and could hardly shut it again in wonder.

It was also Busoni's custom to tell his wife what books he was reading and he sends her on one occasion a lengthy and extremely interesting analysis of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, making a comparison with the famous German writer E. T. A. Hoffmann. On the same occasion he writes:

> How young our European music is, only a few hundred years, and our culture is many thousands of years old. There must be some reason why music *as an art* developed so late. Perhaps because its models are not to be found in nature and so the first impulse—to imitate—cannot arise.

Busoni could be very severe on his contemporaries; he declares that apart from Richard Strauss he found Toscanini to be the most intelligent musician he had met. In 1906 he toured the British Isles with the famous violinist Sarasate, whom he describes as "brainless"; but one of his chief disappointments was Mr. Bernard Shaw, of whose writings he had long been a great admirer. He writes on November 1st, 1919:

> Yesterday afternoon G. B. Shaw came to tea (which he didn't drink). He is now sixty-three years old, very tall. . . . He talks too much and with a vanity he cannot conceal. He began at once by letting off one of his little witticisms. Maudi related that she had just come out of a nursing home: "I wonder that you are still alive," said G.B.S., "for in a regular hospital you are thrown out in the street before you are cured; but in a nursing home, nobody is let out until he is dead." . . . At tea he spoke mainly about music and obviously wanted to display all his knowledge. He loves Mozart and with understanding. "Mozart was my master. I learned from him how to say weighty things and yet remain light and entertaining." "How do you reconcile that (said I) with your admiration for Wagner?" "O, there is place for many different things in the world. And at that time it was needful to protest against senseless misunderstandings. But I admit—much as I love *Tristan*—that I wish that Tristan died a little quicker."

Busoni then quotes Shaw's remarks about Elgar and said that he would like to compose music for the Scene in Hell in *Man and Superman*, but Shaw was rather flippant about this and Busoni sums him up—a little harshly perhaps—as follows:

> He speaks so much and so quickly that it is of very uneven quality; often he says things like an impudent youth—ill-considered, baseless and injudicious things, unworthy of his age. He much reminds me of the worst side of Heine. As a musician he has remained a dilettante; naturally so gifted a dilettante is incomparably better than an expert such as Kapellmeister X or Y. What characterises the dilettante is the pleasure in nice little discoveries and the delight in various trifles which do not hang together. . . . His tone was almost unbearably inconsiderate (softened by humour and liveliness)—while I (without agreeing with everything) always spoke quietly and respectfully.

Busoni could hardly be expected to understand how Irish in some ways Bernard Shaw is. An Irishman will hardly (in my experience) show any sign of recognising rare or remarkable qualities even if he sees them. One cannot assume that Bernard Shaw was not aware that Busoni was different from all the other pianists he had met or read or written about. But Busoni, conscious of his own value, rightly resented being treated as we paid hacks of the press are accustomed to treat our superiors in revenge for having to go to all their concerts.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Promise," at the Shaftesbury Theatre

The garment that covers this Land of Promise, unlike Miss Nellie Wallace's celebrated jumper, does not fit well. The complications and resentments of French official life and the importance of precedence and decorum only exist in a similar English milieu in Anglo-India. The background of Srinagar or Ootie might have made the transference across the Channel possible, but in what used to be called Mayfair the fuss about a young man changing his affections from one sister to another would not upset the apple-cart to such an extent. The casting of the play with French types, a French setting and a production by the author in the French manner only served to call attention to the discrepancies and to sound a bell at frequent intervals, despite Capt. Harwood's adroit translation, calling attention to a line or situation which cried aloud for the air of France. A single instance will show the change of mood: in the last act the mother looks at herself in the glass and sees youth gone, no more young men. With Mlle. Dorziat this was a moment of tragedy, with Miss Titheradge the audience laughs. The characters become mere artificial puppets and only Miss Edna Best, in a performance of great sincerity and ability, blows the breath of life into the play. Mr. Ralph Richardson as the father gives an interesting sketch of middle-aged Civil Service, but his tempo is so slow that the play, particularly in the first act, stagnates; Miss Madge Titheradge as the central figure seems to me miscast. She plays with her brain and not with her body and the sensual side of her character, which accounts so largely for her cruelty to Catherine, seems inexplicable in her reading of the part. An intelligent theme, presented by Mr. Bernstein in a very polished and witty way, but not an English way.

"Wisdom Teeth" at the Embassy

April Harvey had never grown any; and her son and daughter had grown whole mouthfuls of them, before they met their mother fifteen years after she had left them and their father, to follow the dictates of her own heart. So the mother-love in her was disappointed, and the foster-mother-love of Ann Mills, who had taken her place in the home, was gratified. For Ann was practical and matter-of-fact, and a believer in toughness, and the children willingly demonstrated the triumph of environment over heredity. Here is a good plot, well handled, but not a plot to generalise on; because, if April had been, as at first she seems to be, a strong-minded woman, and if Ann had been, as she well might have been, no more than a very efficient secretary, the crisis, which concerns a box of cocaine, negligently left in the daughter's handbag in suspicious circumstances, would have developed along quite other lines. But, setting aside all the other plays which might have been written about the Harvey household, one must admit that Miss Streatfeild's comedy, obviously destined for the West-end, is genuine entertainment. The lines are witty, the situations unforced, the characterisations recognisable. The only objection—again harking back to the search for an implicit generalisation—is that April is far too sentimental to have flourished in 1921, as Bill and Deidre are far too tough to be flourishing in 1936. But we must be grateful for Miss Beatrix Thomson's determined featherbrain of an April, anxiously listening throughout to the sound of her own voice, and playing ardent lover or devoted mother as occasion serves. This is superbly unforced satire, without the batting of a single eyelid. The children, played by Robert Flemyng and Elizabeth Western are also good, if alittle *démodé*. Miss Edith Sharpe, as the secretary-stepmother, is clever enough to make one wish that the authoress had given her at least one big scene.

The Marx Brothers at the Empire

It is possible that we are developing into an old fogey. Old fogeys never forget. When confronted with *Modern Times*, they sigh for *City Lights*; when witnessing a riotous *Night at the Opera*, they remember the taste of *Duck Soup*. There may be a shadow of doubt as to which was the better Chaplin picture, but anyone who knows his Marx Brothers will realise that this new fantasia of theirs ranks, in wit, below their last four films: *Animal Crackers*, *Monkey Business*, *Horsefeathers* and *Duck Soup*. M-G-M evidently don't know their Marx Brothers; they know instead what the public wants. *A Night at the Opera* was announced as "the most important comedy ever made"! And it turns out to be just much better than the first Marx film, *Coconuts*. It's great fun, of course, but it's also a bark up the wrong tree. Groucho and Chico are superb satirical cross-talk comedians; Harpo's a fine iconoclastic clown: yet here all they're given by Kaufman and Ryskind is some first-rate slapstick and six good wisecracks—which is not enough. Nothing could be funnier than the comic "business" in this film—but did they have to send Groucho cascading downstairs for a laugh? The three main romping scenes are wonderfully comic: but where is that destructive verbal wit, that tearing of language to shreds of salutary nonsense? It has all been photographed far too well: this succeeds in the big break-up shots at the opera, and it can't, of course, interfere with the Marx's perfect timing; but it makes their expressive faces glisten like confectionery and it lets in an avalanche of lush, value-for-money spectacle which, instead of serving some useful purpose, as a breather and a bore, seems intended as synthetic sugar to coat the pill of lunacy. *A Night at the Opera* may do as a cautious introduction to the Marx Brothers, but to devotees it will prove a partial disappointment. It has that little extra something which all the other films have got, because apparently the time has come to put these vital highbrow humorists on the well-defined M-G-M map of success.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 6th—
"Dusty Ermine," Comedy Theatre.

SATURDAY, March 7th—
Rachmaninoff, Queen's Hall, 3.
Ivor Montagu on "The Cinema as a Social Force," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 8.

SUNDAY, March 8th—
Har Dayal on "East and West," Conway Hall, 11.
Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
Janet Chance on "A Rational View of Sex," 123 Lupus Street, Westminster, 8.
Clough Williams-Ellis on "Architecture—Here and Now: and What is Ahead of Us," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, March 9th—
"Ruggles of Red Gap," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
"Hedda Gabler," Criterion Theatre.

TUESDAY, March 10th—
Principal W. Robinson on "The Pacifist Interpretation of History," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
The New Schools in Action. J. H. Badley on Bedales, Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, 6.30.
John Strachey on "The Crisis Confronting Capitalism," Conway Hall, 7.
Public Meeting on People's Mandate to Governments. Speeches by the Rt. Hon. Margaret Bondfield and C. R. Buxton, Conway Hall, 8.
Prof. G. Murray on "Vice and Illusion," University College, 8.15.
"European Soirée," Duke of York's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, March 11th—
Socialist League Mass Meeting. William Mellor, Sir Stafford Cripps and Barbara Betts on "Socialist Challenge," St. Pancras Baths, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.; 8.
Discussion Meeting. Patrick Fitzgerald on "The Sociology of Chinese Art," Le Play House, 35 Gordon Square, 8.15.
"The Town Talks," Vaudeville Theatre.

THURSDAY, March 12th—
W. J. Turner on "The Future of Poetry: Modern Verse in Literature and Drama," Royal Institution, 21 Albemarle Street, 5.15.
Meeting of Over-Thirty Association. Speeches by Miss Ellen Wilkinson and others, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 6.30.
W. Le Gros Clark on "Man, Medicine and Food in the U.S.S.R.," Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, 8.15.
Royal Philharmonic Society (Beecham), Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Institute of Psycho-analysis. Dr. Sylvia Payne on "Work and Its Meaning for Us," Caxton Hall, 8.30.
Birkbeck College Operatic Society. "Saul," College Theatre, 8.30; and on March 13th and 14th.
"Lysistrata," Gate Theatre.
"The Master Builder," Criterion Theatre.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"I have been staying at Horseback Hall," said my intolerant friend. "If you don't know it, you wouldn't believe the kind of life they lead. There is a beast or a bird of some description to be killed on almost every day in the year; then the horses and the immense quantities of dogs: their sacred animals. They live there all the year round and like it! What I can't bear is that they have votes! For the future belongs to us, not to them!" I laughed at the description but I disagreed profoundly with my friend's attitude, since I thought he would have cried out with equal horror if he had been staying with one of the tenant farmers instead of the great house. To him grass is a pleasant feature in the spring landscape, or a poor substitute for a hard court, and not a source of life on the lush growth of which our happiness and prosperity depend. To him the cow, sheep and pig are quadrupeds with which man has an unpleasant parasito-symbiological relationship; he would like to see them replaced by factory products as the horse has been replaced by the automobile. He is thoroughly intelligent, but he is convinced that the future belongs to his sort, and, in the train, when he looked away from the lambs trailing after the ewes in the rain, to open the *Financial Times*, he felt that he was turning away from toys to deal with realities. It irritates him that all over the world people "of the past" should go on living, sowing, reaping and thrashing their corn, milking their cows, and bringing forth children to be ploughmen or shepherds like themselves. And it would need a lot of long words like carbohydrates and photo-synthesis to make him believe that if it weren't for the green grass neither he nor I would be here, that there would be no *Financial Times*. How curious it is that the things from which my spirit draws strength and consolation irritate my friend. That the rain should fall and the seed quicken in the ground, that birds should sing and rob orchards, and that boys should scare them and rob orchards too, for me these are ultimate realities; the immortality of such things is the only sort in which I believe. And though I have few affinities with the inhabitants of Horseback Hall, I know they share my beliefs. Indeed their incessant shooting and hunting and their totemistic worship of horse and hound seem to me like rich, elaborate church services; they form a ceremonial which is often distasteful, and to which I do not conform, but which, all the same, celebrates the true religion. What shall I call this materialistic pantheism which is the faith of every farmer and labourer in the world?

* * *

A somewhat crotchety confession of this faith was made in *English Fabric* by Mr. Harvey Darton, of which I wrote some months ago, and a more full-blooded expression is given to it in *England Have My Bones*, by T. H. White (Collins, 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is really delightful in the form of a diary for the year, which would make as great an appeal to the Horseback Hall folk as it does to me. Its subject is all the things that he has liked doing; a love of Nature and the instinct for action expressed in one kind of sport after another: salmon-fishing, hunting, shooting, learning to fly, playing darts in pubs, and taming snakes. He writes of them so well, with such appetite, that one shares the thrill of the thing done. Yet though Mr. White can write so well of the things he loves, one feels a curious restlessness in him, as though it had been too easy:

> I am not a keeper and it is no good saying I should like to be one, because if I really liked I should. Hamlet's is my affliction, between whose desire and reality fell the shadow.

Only once in the book does he find an antagonist worthy of his strength as a man, and of his power as a writer. He has real power—and is often tiresome. Thus there is the same silly exuberance about everyday things for their everyday sakes that was immortalised by Rupert Brooke in *The Great Lover*. Mr. White can write: "People ought to take more interest in baths and extravagance," and goes on to explain that only "the thoughtful bather who has a bath once a fortnight" can get the real joy out of it. Mr. White has added to the admirable literature on hunting (Sasoon and Surtees, Trollope and Whyte-Melville) and his description of salmon-fishing has the excitement and desperation of the real thing. But like all fishermen who write, Mr. White is forever catching fish. This gives an air of unreality to these pages. All the best love-poetry is written by poets who have been unhappy in love; one day I shall write a fishing book which will throb with the aching passion and despair of an angler who has gone on fishing for week after week without catching a fish.

* * *

I know more of flying than Mr. White. His description is good, but he did not go on with it long enough to feel calm about it and enjoy lazy idle swoops and soarings, or the pleasure of landing alone in a far-away field between the windrows of hay, when one feels the summer heat beat suddenly on one's skin. There is no pleasure in flying like coming quietly to earth in some out-of-the-way corner, and when the engine is switched off, to hear the blessed silence fill up with the chirrupping of grasshoppers, and the crooning and fluttering of woodpigeons among the ash poles. The extreme peacefulness of flying can only be enjoyed when there are no other aeroplanes in the sky, no flying club, and no anxiety to please anybody. But Mr. White catches the hurly-burly of the flying school, and the hero-worship with which the rather exasperated instructor is surrounded, most admirably.

* * *

I have always wanted to keep grass-snakes but have been debarred by the stinking fluid they exude for self-protection, and for this reason have had to content myself with the little slow-worm, which has to be handled gingerly, as it breaks off its tail when startled. But Mr. White has learnt how to tame grass snakes:

> When you have grabbed your snake, you pick it up. Instantly it curls round your hand and arm, hissing and lunging at you with the almost obtuse angle of its jaw; exuding a white fluid from its vent which has a metallic stink like acetylene. Take no notice of it at all. Like an efficient governess with a refractory child, you speak sharply to the smelly creature and hold it firmly . . . roll it into a ball . . . tie it up in your handkerchief, put it in your trouser-pocket and look for another.

The best thing in the book is at the end, when Mr. White had a brush with the most redoubtable of adversaries by running his Bentley, on a dark night, into a tree:

> I found that I was bleeding, and that although I had pushed up my goggles I could not see out of my right eye. With my left eye I could see the glow of my tail light. I could not spare time to meddle with the car. I got out of it and walked up the hill in a determined way, with my hands in front of my face, straining with the blind eye to see if I could see the rare faint stars. It was as black as a velvet bag. The other eye was full of blood by the time I reached the drive, so there was nothing to judge position by. I walked into some laurels and a flower bed.

The whole account has the directness and power of Hemingway, and shows what T. H. White can do when properly roused.

David Garnett

SPRING BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's New Statesman and Nation will contain a Spring Books Supplement, with a selected list of forthcoming books. Among special features will be a review by Aldous Huxley of a new encyclopaedic book on Woman, a letter from prison by Ernst Toller, a page of poems, an essay by Rose Macaulay, Extracts from a February Journal by G. W. Stonier, a cartoon by Arthur Wragg. R. C. K. Ensor's *England*, 1870-1914 will be reviewed by H. J. Laski, Arnold Bennett's *Letters* by V. S. Pritchett, Maurois' *Prophets and Profits* by K. John, *Bouvard and Pécuchet* by David Garnett; and there will be contributions from H. E. Bates, Harry Roberts, Cyril Connolly, Peter Quennell, Edward Sackville West and Christopher St. John.

PEACE OR EMPIRE

The League and Abyssinia. By LEONARD WOOLF. *Hogarth Press.* 1s.

The Future of Colonies. By LEONARD BARNES. *Hogarth Press.* 1s.

The classical Socialist doctrine that imperialism is the last stage of capitalism and that remorseless antagonism to the works of either is therefore the correct attitude for a Socialist movement to adopt has recently become obscured by two cross-currents of political thought. First, there is the widely held conviction that the most vital struggle of the present day is the conflict between an embryonic world organisation for preventing war and the Fascist powers determined to overthrow it. Secondly, there is the belief that by means of some hitherto loosely defined changes in the status of colonies and the access to raw materials we can dissipate the rankling sense of injustice instilled in many quarters by the provisions of the peace settlement. Neither of these doctrines is distinctively Socialist. The first receives the mild assent of most Liberals and some Conservatives. The second, when it takes the form of a demand for an open-door policy in the Colonies, is the purest Cobdenism; whilst even Sir Samuel Hoare in a moment of divine but shortlived inspiration raised the question of raw materials. The mere fact that heretics show a timid approval of certain left-wing theories is not in itself, of course, a good reason for discarding them. No Socialist would deny that some system of law and justice among nations is essential to the maintenance of peace. The only danger seems to be that international law and justice must become tainted by competing imperialist ambitions just as domestic law and justice are deprived of any abstract sanctity by the cleavage between rich and poor.

Mr. Leonard Woolf's pamphlet is a finely argued statement of the case for regarding the League issue as pre-eminent, in spite of the capitalist nature of the Powers that assemble at Geneva. Any statesman who understood the implications of the Covenant should first ask himself the question, "How can I best uphold the security system instituted by the League and so prevent a return to the pre-war international anarchy?" Yet the idea of applying this test never seems to occur to the members of the British Government. As in the case of Japan we are distressingly pre-occupied with the defences of the British Empire and the plight of an old ally. But in spite of the renewed evidence of the Government's ineptitude, Mr. Woolf claims that the true Socialist attitude is clear. The League was intended to remove two fundamental defects in the old diplomatic system. Instead of each State claiming to be judge and jury in its own cause, the procedure for the pacific settlement of disputes was made obligatory and the concern of all members of the League; at the same time, the collective forces of the member Powers were to provide a more lasting security than the old method of competitive armaments and balancing alliances. Therefore, the attempt to make this revolution in the international sphere a reality should form the first allegiance of a Socialist movement. If the immediate prospects of peace were more rosy, this argument would indeed be formidable. But, faced with the imminence of war, Socialists cannot fail to take account of the fact that the two League innovations have, in fact, caused no revolution in our foreign dealings. Our application of the Covenant has been arbitrary and intermittent; and collective disarmament has now changed to collective rearmament. Mr. Woolf claims that the anti-sanctionist in the Labour party is mistaken in his reading of Marxism. It does not necessarily imply that capitalist nations may act solely from economic motives, or that a capitalist League may not postpone, even if it cannot abolish, war. This line of argument is seldom profitable, since everyone knows that the devil may cite *Das Kapital* for his purpose. The important point is that the two distinct changes which it was hoped the League would introduce are in no sense operative. In these circumstances the emasculated League system acts as a mirage for diverting the Socialist movement from its true path of independence of a rearming capitalist government.

Many Socialists have argued that support for the Government's foreign policy should be made conditional on their willingness to reopen discussions on the economic causes of war. Mr. Leonard Barnes has written a realistic account of the grievances of the unsatisfied Powers and the remedies by which they may be removed. No one who has read this pamphlet can subscribe to the view that these grievances are imaginary. The contrast between the approximate self-sufficiency of the British Empire, France and Russia, and the paucity of raw materials in Germany, Italy and

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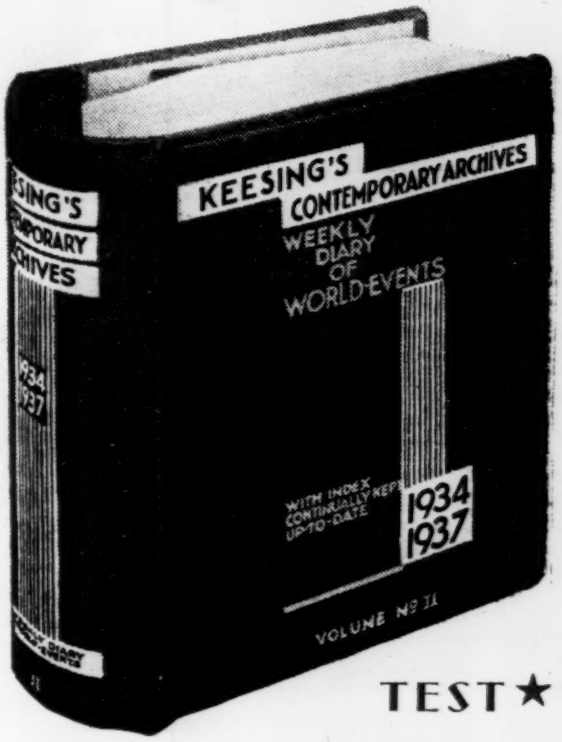
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Japan, the stationary populations and extensive trading rights of the one group and the increasing populations and restricted commerce of the other, is sufficiently blatant to make the classification into satisfied and unsatisfied Powers a real one. Sir Samuel Hoare can scarcely have realised how vast was the issue that he raised at Geneva last September. For except in so far as questions of prestige enter into the controversy, the problem is not in any sense purely colonial. The attempts to protect colonial markets appear merely as trifling skirmishes in a deadly economic war. Raw materials will not be denied to any Power that is able to unload its goods on the world's markets, and the satiated Powers have used every weapon at their command, high finance, currency blocks, trade treaties, to restrict these markets, not with the purpose of penalising the unsatisfied Powers, but first and foremost in order to sustain their own economic life. Germany, in particular, has been hit by the astonishing growth in bilateral trade. Accustomed to buy raw materials from one country and sell manufactured goods to another she has suffered more than any other nation by the appearance of this new phenomenon. She, therefore, finds herself with no extensive private markets to protect, forced in her position as a debtor to curtail imports, compelled to sell on a dwindling market and faced with fierce competition from other Powers determined to obtain favourable balances and able to exert huge financial pressure. It is scarcely surprising that a nation in such a predicament should seek by any means in her power to burst the bonds of her confinement. Mr. Barnes outlines the changes by which the situation might be eased, but he never minimises the immensity of the task. A return to an open-door policy would scarcely touch the fringe of the problem, since the sovereign or mandatory Power still retains a big percentage of the trade even in those areas where international treaties demand that free trade should be maintained. The mere transference of territory would conflict with the principle of trusteeship and, unless it was done on a very large scale, could never provide a real remedy. Something could be done, it is true, by a thorough overhaul of the existing mandate system. The first essential, however, is a complete reversal of our trade policy accompanied by a drastic revision of the relations of debtor and creditor. It is scarcely possible to conceive of such a revolution taking place without the previous abolition of a system in which surplus goods and investments are competing for a profitable market and where each nation, unable to swallow its own glut, works on the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The universal attempt to secure an excess of exports over imports which the profit mechanism of every mine, factory and workshop makes well-nigh imperative, is incompatible with any lasting scheme of International co-operation. A capitalist League does not possess some magic alchemy by means of which national rivalries may be established as law and economic competition may be transformed into justice.

MICHAEL FOOT

NEW NOVELS

The Olive Field. By RALPH BATES. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

The Morning of Life. By KRISTMANN GUDMUNDSSON. Translated by ELIZABETH SPRIGGE and CLAUDE NAPIER. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Christina Strang. By ALISON FLEMING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Crookedshaws. By WINIFRED DUKE. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

Every reviewer likes to think that he is still capable of recognising real merit when it makes one of its rather infrequent appearances on the modern literary scene; and some years ago I remember being much impressed by Mr. Ralph Bates' first book, an unusually interesting and well-written collection of Spanish short stories. Superficially, *Sierra* seemed unambitious. Here were anecdotes dealing with Catalan peasant life—with the squabbles of relations, the rivalry between two neighbouring villages, a feud over a donkey, the emotions of a young girl who is going down to Barcelona where she expects to take service in a brothel. *Lean Men*, though less limited, was not quite so satisfactory. Mr. Bates' novel attacked a subject broader and more complex than did his volume of short stories; but he was hampered by an amatory sub-plot, laid in England, that somewhat detracted from the effect of the main narrative, which centred round anarchist disturbances in a great Spanish industrial city. *The Olive Field* marks a further stage in his literary progress. It is a long book, very closely packed, crowded with characters, honest, moving, vivid, written with extreme passion and equal sincerity.

His new novel, however, has its disadvantages. As it stands, *The Olive Field* contains passages—indeed, whole chapters—that seem to require more revision than the novelist has been able to allow himself and, in their present state, suggest a crude and tentative draught. Stylistically, the book is full of rubs. I wish, for example—to take a very minor point—that Mr. Bates would give up the use of the detestable word " commence." Human beings who " commence " (when they might just as well " begin ") are bad enough ; but mountain-paths that " commence " are almost intolerable ; and it would be a thousand pities if the reader, deterred by the rocks, boulders and pebbles that Mr. Bates has left littered in his way, were to lose heart. Style is not the only obstacle he has to contend against. So numerous are the characters introduced —so rapid is their movement back and forth across the stage—that one personage tends to melt into another ; and the reader is often glad to fall back on the list of *dramatis personae* printed, with explanatory notes, at the close of the volume. Lastly, the effect is a little monotonous. The vehemence of Mr. Bates' narrative method defeats its own end. It produces the impression that nothing is really happening ; just as the loudest noise approximates to the deepest hush.

Having voiced these few prefatory complaints—and the greater the interest one takes in a novel, the more obnoxious and the more pedantic one's immediate criticisms are likely to be—let me add that *The Olive Field* is an absorbing book, worthy of the high standard set by its predecessors. Nothing that Mr. Bates has written is trivial ; and, whatever its imperfections, *The Olive Field*, like *Sierra* and *Lean Men*, shows an intelligence, a sensitiveness, a feeling for language, that would redeem any novel from mediocrity. Mr. Bates has the directness of a natural story teller. The narrative begins in Andalucia, at Los Olivares, among the terraced olive-yards of Don Fadrique ; and on the opening page we are introduced to Caro and Mudarra, both workers in the olive groves, both Anarchists, two young men whose fortunes, strangely conflicting and combining—estranged by sexual, reunited by political and social, passion—provide this long and elaborate narrative, with its central theme.

From beginning to end, *The Olive Field* is a study of conflict. And what gives the novel a special interest is that the element of conflict should not be confined to the story, but should extend to the novelist's treatment of his subject-matter. Vividly, at times rather painfully, the writer manages to state both sides of the case. Thus, from one point of view, Don Fadrique, who is prepared to spend a large sum of money on the acquisition of an old music-book, while he grudges the meagre supply of water on which his peasants depend for the welfare of their fields, is a foolish and useless parasite ; but Mr. Bates has grasped the relativity of most human wrong-doing, and his presentation of the dilettante aristocrat (with whose devotion to music he feels a deep and unalterable sympathy) is fair and sensible, yet never unduly indulgent. He cannot help admiring, though he disapproves. The Church may be the author of many evils ; but it is also the repository of an ancient and splendid tradition ; and Mr. Bates, in common with Robledo, the unattached and exceedingly philosophic Communist who haunts the political meetings—as well as the brothels—of Los Olivares, finds that the Communist, Socialist or Anarchist who aspires to dynamite cathedrals and break up Easter processions, is exploiting religious emotion in an anti-religious cause.

Three-quarters of *The Olive Field* are concerned with the doings of Los Olivares, with the struggles of Caro and Mudarra, and with a futile insurrection that is promptly, bloodily and efficiently put down by the Civil Guards. From Andalucia the scene changes to Asturias ; and here Mudarra and Caro—Mudarra being a principal agent of destruction—participate in the savage revolutionary rising that shook Oviedo and the surrounding districts in 1934. There are times when *The Olive Field* suggests a comparison with André Malraux' celebrated and (I think) somewhat over-praised novel, *La Condition Humaine*. Yet Mr. Bates does not glorify destruction, bloodshed, self-annihilation for their own sakes. He is alive to the beauty and richness of the old world ; he loves its art—it is typical of his standpoint that Mudarra, besides being a ruthless revolutionary, should also be an expert musician—and nowhere does his feeling for the past become more curiously apparent than in the narrative of how the revolutionaries blow up the Treasury of Oviedo Cathedral :

> " Do you fellows know what's above here ? " Mudarra said. " . . . Of course there's art treasures, oh yes, things of priceless beauty which you can see once a year if you like to pay for the privilege. There's the Cross of Victories, tenth century, finely enamelled, nice brittle substance enamel ! . . . Then there's the Cross of the Angel,

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" The visit was constantly interrupted by expressions of gratitude. I left a grant for coal. They told me that they do not as a rule have a fire until 5 o'clock, but both ladies are elderly and feel the cold very much, so that the grant is a great blessing to them."

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the book says it was made by two angels disguised as goldsmiths. . . . That's right, what about cutting the other arch too, that'll bring the whole floor in . . . then there's the Holy Ark with reliefs in gilded silver. . . ."

They ran to safety, as they thought, and flung themselves flat to escape the bullets of a detachment of soldiers at the end of the street. While Mudarra's force was vainly battling to clear out the soldiers the dynamite exploded. The arch of Sant Leucadia's chapel collapsed and eleven centuries came to crumbled stone and billowing dust, settling slowly through the darkness. The loveliness of gold and silver and intricate ivory, the glory of enamel and encrusted stones, the milk of the Virgin Mary and Saint Peter's sandal, all alike were buried beneath twenty feet of debris.

Alike in its beauty and its irregularity, its success and its failure, *The Olive Field* is a book that deserves to provoke argument, a novel that will be hurled into the corner, enshrined in the centre of the book-shelf, praised, abused and angrily discussed. The three books that follow are merely fiction. More or less entertaining, they will stir up no quarrels and are unlikely, I am afraid, to arouse much enthusiasm.

The remaining books are stories of simple people. *The Morning of Life*, well translated from the Norwegian of Kristmann Gudmundsson, is a great deal more readable than most Scandinavian novels; for, at least, we find no difficulty in accepting its protagonist, Haldor Bessason, a hearty and energetic fisherman; while the early chapters contain a magnificent and exciting account of a storm at sea. *Christina Strang* and *Crookedshaws* take us to Scotland. *Christina Strang* is a first novel; and so assured, economical and intelligent is Miss Alison Fleming's method—so sharp the picture she has drawn of a tyrannical *materfamilias* and of the three children, Lilias, Tod and Willie, whom she goads to various degrees of desperation—that I shall await her next book with some interest. *Crookedshaws*, on the other hand, is excellent melodrama. A dismal landscape—a starveling farm, nearby a squalid village—a dour and miserly farmer—his daughter, middle-aged, loveless, unattractive—the farmhand with whom Janet falls in love and for whose sake she doses her father with rat-poison, after he has broken his leg by falling from a rick. I recommend the book to all lovers of murder-stories; it gives a convincing account of the genesis of a *crime passionel*.

PETER QUENNELL

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GOLDEN LADS OF ORLEANS

Louis d'Orleans (1372–1407). By F. D. S. DARWIN. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

House of Orleans. By M. CORYN. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

On the night of the 23rd of November, 1407, the wife of a Paris cobbler leaned out of an attic window in the Rue Vielle du Temple to bring in some washing she had hung up to dry. It was time for her husband to be home, so she looked down the street to see if he was coming along. At that moment a little group of horsemen turned into it from the Queen's Hotel Barbette. First, some servants carrying torches, then, a handsome young lord, elegantly dressed in black damask, and bare-headed, then two pages. Such processions were a common sight to Madame Griffard, as she was a neighbour of the Queen's, and there was much coming and going of courtiers in her street. Yet she watched this procession for a little. The seigneur's hair attracted her attention. It shone like burnished copper in the ruddy torchlight. He was holding his bridle slackly with one hand, and with the other was tossing up and catching his jewelled glove. He was singing to himself. Then Madame Griffard heard her child crying, and she left the window. At that moment the song below stopped abruptly. There was a noise of startled horses trampling, and of rough voices shouting "A mort! A mort!" Madame Griffard snatched up the child and rushed back to the window in time to be the witness of the brutal murder of Louis, first Duke of Orleans, a murder which was to have a profound and far-reaching effect on European affairs for centuries.

Mr. Darwin tells us in an unfashionably diffident preface that although much has been written round this Duke, whose promising career was cut short by his kinsman, Jean-sans-peur Duke of Burgundy, to put an end to the struggle between them to gain control of the realm of France, and especially of its finance, very little has been written about him. His background, a queer labyrinth of European intrigue, has distracted attention from his figure. He has not received his due for his work as a sort of St. John the Baptist to St. Joan of Arc. There might have been less need for the mission of the Maid of Orleans, if the Duke of Orleans had lived to accomplish his. The sub-title of Mr. Darwin's biography of the Duke, "A Necessary Prologue to the Tragedy of La Pucelle d'Orléans," is apt. The more so, because their lives have some curious parallels. The assassination of Louis was justified by Burgundy's advocate, Jean Petit, Doctor in Theology of the University of Paris, with much the same cunning dialectic employed by Joan's accusers to justify burning her at the stake. Both victims, branded as criminals, were rehabilitated. Louis was not a hero, still less a saint, but he was as innocent as Joan of the charges trumped up against him after his murder, to vindicate it as a virtuous and patriotic deed. His character, an interesting mixture of diverse qualities, is worth studying, and fortunately there is ample material in contemporary records for studying it. Yet Mr. Darwin constantly allows himself to be side-tracked, with the result that as a biography his book is disappointing. As a narrative of Louis' times it has more merit, but it is written in a cumbrous, involved style which adds to the reader's difficulty in getting a clear notion of the internal and foreign affairs of France at the end of the fourteenth century. Some introductory biographical notes about the throng of characters in this complex drama, and a map of Europe, showing the many small duchies and kingdoms into which territories populated by the same races were divided, would have been helpful.

The first chapters of Miss Coryn's *House of Orleans* cover the same ground as Mr. Darwin's book. She has gone to the same sources for her material, but has come back with rather more. Her account of Louis is richer in picturesque details. He comes to more abundant life in her pages, and his social and political environment is better described. The mediaeval labyrinth has no terrors for Miss Coryn; she is surprisingly at home in it. The common reader could not wish for a better guide through its dark and tortuous passages, until she comes to the one leading to the martyrdom of St. Joan of Arc. She hurries in and out of it as if it were quite unimportant. The reason may be that she had nothing to say about it which has not been said before. Still her silence on the subject of St. Joan's military achievements involves a gap in her narrative of the career of Dunois, the bastard son of Louis, which impairs both its interest and its accuracy. Louis' legitimate son, Duke Charles, the poet, who after Agincourt spent the best years of his life in an English prison, where at any rate his plea, "*Laissez-moi penser à mon aise*," was fully gratified.

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has inspired a vivid portrait. It is perhaps the best example of Miss Coryn's ability to recover from records the sense of the warm being of people long since dead. But her studies of the first Louis, of Dunois, and of the second Louis who became Louis XII of France, give the same impression of having been taken from life, and the dim and dusty past becomes as real to us as it was to them. There is method in Miss Coryn's magic. She often lets the characters speak for themselves. This introduction of dialogue, strictly authentic, and admirably translated, is one of my reasons for having found her book enchanting.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

MORE ECONOMIC IMPERIALISM

An Introduction to the Economic History of the British Empire. By C. M. MACINNES. *Rivingtons.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A short study of the economics of the British Empire is much needed to instruct our preoccupied politicians on the real nature of the problems of colonial development. The "owners" still naively expect profit from these possessions without regard to their productive capacity. The "sole market" is no longer practical politics, but their trade is to be kept as much as possible in the family. The opposing school appear to think in very much the same purely commercial categories, insisting only that all the Powers of Europe have a right to share the swag. The contagion affects even the Universities, so that this book from Bristol tails off from a promising beginning into a mere history of Empire commerce, with stress on the advantage of possessing colonial markets. Little wonder Signor Mussolini and other representatives of the unsatisfied Powers are confirmed in their dangerous envy.

The conventional approach is regrettable, for Mr. MacInnes' early chapters are unusually fresh and interesting. The full account of ocean travel and shipping, for example, is notably vivid, making admirable use of contemporary descriptions. It is well for us to be made to realise what emigration meant for steerage passengers like the 400 who sailed in 1791 from Skye in a ship of only 207 tons. Conditions can have been little worse on many slave ships of the Middle Passage. Of 700 others who sailed in 1801 in two ships of a "combined burthen of 559 tons" fifty-three died on the passage to South Carolina. The long voyage to Australia was arduous even for cabin passengers, and all travel surprisingly expensive.

But the book hardly touches production, and takes little account of the constructive work needed to develop most colonial territories—or of its cost. A chapter on the export of capital is novel, investigation being much needed. But it still gives only one side of the balance sheet. Showing how much the Dominions have owed both to the British investor and to the capital equipment provided by well-to-do settlers, it leaves us no clearer as to what return is really expected, or has been received over a long period, on these investments. The Crown Colonies—the real "Empire"—are so backward largely because they have had far less capital development; and research is sorely needed to check the impression that they have often paid too dear for such as they have had. It is in any case late in the day for an economic historian to take the achievements of economic imperialism for granted. The "trustee" must do more than keep the ring to give security for the unplanned ventures of the private capitalist. Tropical Africa, for example, can never come to occupy that looked-for "position of ever-increasing importance in the British imperial economic system" without costly national health and education services such as only the State can supply. It may be hoped that Mr. MacInnes will set to work on a revised edition of his book which will deal with the neglected side of imperial economics. He is obviously a stimulating teacher; but surely the only Randolph to be known familiarly by surname alone was the companion of Robert the Bruce at Bannockburn—not the obscure author of a seventeenth-century memorandum on Massachusetts.

W. M. MACMILLAN

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BY RALPH FOX

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A NEW INTERPRETATION OF SHELLEY

In Defence of Shelley, and Other Essays. By HERBERT READ. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Read is a fashionable critic. I do not mean that remark to be altogether disparaging. There is something to be said for fashion in the arts; or rather, when we glance round, how queer some of the old fashions look, how many novelists are still raising toppers to a passing landau or whizzing in hansom-cabs down the Strand, while the essayist, belonging to an earlier day, sits snug with Lamb and bows to the voice of Hazlitt. "A new Thackeray," "the modern Dickens"—hardly a year passes without the emergence of these picturesque figures; and it is a mark of the critic's senility that he should reserve such phrases for his highest praise. We have Dickens and Thackeray already: how can we have them again? That sort of criticism, which forces living writers into a literary Tussauds and damns them when they won't go in, seems to me worse than useless; it retards and kills. The assumption is that literature is not literature until it belongs to the past and the "critic" can "pass judgment"; you detect the flaw?—the centre of attention has been shifted from the creator to the critic, from the work of art to the display of taste, and that is the aim of more so-called critical writing than might be imagined. Beware, then, of the reviewer who approaches Lawrence with the mask of Rousseau, for he has his little sleight-of-hand to perform; the mask must be slipped on before you see what is being covered.

Now, all criticism is to some degree an act of substitution; however disinterested and detached the critic, his interpretation will, for the time being, displace the object criticised. It may be a valuable displacement: Baudelaire, for example, is the best critic of Poe because he displaced him altogether. But such a process, which may be called "creative criticism" in the true sense, is exceedingly rare; and all that can be hoped for as a rule is some slight extension of the original, a tightening of the communication lines between a writer's work and his personality. No writer, not even the greatest, says *everything*, and the critic's task is to work away at what has been bungled or left unsaid. Mr. Livingston Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu*, Mr. Middleton Murry's *Keats and Shakespeare* seem to me examples of the useful criticism which is being written at the present time. In both these books speculation was borne out by fact. But I prefer even guesses into the hidden conduct and motives, say, of Words-

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PHYLLIS BENTLEY wrote of the author of " The Monkey Puzzle":—I always approach the work of Mr. Beresford with respectful gratitude.

worth or Rimbaud, to the old habit of "passing judgment" on them. La Harpe, Flaubert reminds us, used to bellow at the name of Shakespeare. He would have shown himself less of a fool if he had clapped, but I doubt if either gesture is particularly relevant.

Mr. Read, whatever his faults, is a critic of the new type. He does not pass moral judgments and he is cautious even of aesthetic appraisal. The longest and the most interesting essay in his new collection, though called *A Defence of Shelley*, is rather an attempt to define Shelley's behaviour in psychological terms. Here is obviously the case of a poet, erratic in his work, whose life was animated by currents to which he did not give full expression in his art. He leaves no consecutive record, like Strindberg, of himself. But by putting together passages in the letters and descriptions by friends, and applying to them a theory recently enunciated by two psychoanalysts, Dr. John MacCurdy and Dr. Trigant Burrow, Mr. Read is able to reconstruct a portrait which seems possible and even probable in its explanation. The theory is, briefly, that Shelley was an unconscious homosexual, and that to a psychologist, the three significant features of his work and life are the hallucinations recorded by Hogg, the interest in incest motives, and the lack of objectivity in his normal self-expression. The elucidation of these characteristics, with reference to Shelley's poetry, is undertaken to the length of eighty pages, and Mr. Read succeeds in making out a very good case indeed. It has been objected by some reviewers that the theory is unverifiable; and of course that is true. But how many of the methods adopted by critics in the past can be called "verifiable"? If Mr. Read's fabric is to be dismissed as "guess-work," what of the traditional means by which critics and biographers have sought to illuminate their subjects? Mr. Read at any rate has discovered a new explanation, interesting in itself, and that is better than repeating or reversing an old one.

The other essays in the book—on Hopkins, Patmore, Swift, Diderot's love letters, Picasso, obscurity in poetry, English art—are unexciting by comparison: those on Patmore and Hopkins are the best. Mr. Read may not be an attractive writer, but he is alert, inquisitive and intelligent, and he respects his subject.

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WHY THE CHURCH HAS FAILED

A Parson in Revolt. By JOSEPH McCULLOCH. *Nisbet.* 3s. 6d.

The author of this book is the young clergyman who is said to have startled the public by his Broadcast Talk in the "Youth Looks Ahead" series, concerning which "over a thousand letters were received within a few days." It is fitting that one discontented parson should be commended by another. Canon Sheppard, in a few words of introduction, tells us he is more impatient than ever. But there is a good deal of difference between these two critics. Canon Sheppard is troubled because the principles of his faith are not made effective in public affairs. Mr. McCulloch no doubt feels the same, but his chief concern is with the Church. How to make the Church more powerful? He looks back with some longing to the Middle Ages, when the parson's word counted for something and the Church was supreme. He reminds us that in the present day only about 10 per cent. of the people of this country attend religious services of any kind. He does not say how far this is due to actual unbelief and how far to indifference, nor does he say how many among the 10 per cent. of church-goers make any attempt to put their faith into practice. Why do not people go to church? He quotes a letter from a candid friend:

> I believe in God, but I can't stand parsons, and I can't stand the churches. I don't like the voice of the parsons, and I don't like their characters and opinions. Cut out the whole existing services, Don't pronounce blessings, Don't say "Amen," Don't wear special clothes, Above all talk in your own voice.

Mr. McCulloch thinks this rather extravagant, but not to be ignored, and he proceeds to give his own explanation of the failure of the Church. The first and most important reason is the incompetence of the clergy. They are badly trained. They don't know their job. They are like mechanics who cannot handle their tools. They are like doctors who know the past history of medicine, but cannot treat a case of measles. They have learnt a certain amount of theology, but find to their surprise that the grocers and bakers and artisans in their parishes are not concerned with Sabellianism, Arianism, Apolinarianism and Monophysitism. They hear with horror such questions as these: "If there is a God why did He let my baby die?" "What are you going to do in the next war?" "How can Johnny come to church when his father is out of work and he has no clothes?" And how does clerical training help parsons to meet such questions?

> I know nothing against theological colleges save that they teach the wrong things, encourage the wrong atmosphere, and achieve a singular amount of irrelevance. They commit the duplicate folly of seminarising the young men in the perpetuating of stock cant!

He thinks, too, that it would do clerics good to take a course of Bernard Shaw, Samuel Butler and C. E. M. Joad.

The clergy, he says, are lacking in personal religion and therefore they become busybodies interesting themselves in everything except their proper work. They are Scoutmasters, leaders of Boys' Clubs, managers of Sales of Work, caterers and public entertainers. They discourse on economics and other subjects of which they understand little. The great need is a real individual experience—the kind of faith of which Jesus speaks, a mystic sense of the Divine Presence. They should cast away whatever is not their own, and fight their way through until they attain some personal conviction. Then they would not need to repeat second-hand opinions; and the rationalisation of religion (which, I suppose, means the creeds and doctrines of the Church) is, in his view, an "Intellectual Bogy," and should take a second place.

When the author comes to practical proposals he is disappointing. He suggests doing away with the parochial system, as if an alteration in machinery would stop the rot. Services should be more artistic, more cheerful; there should be processions—more use made of light and darkness and other appeals to the senses. If there must be sermons let the sermons precede the act of worship. The services throughout the world need to be about half the length and twice the quality. All this is a sad comedown after the high note struck when the author was speaking of the faith of Jesus. If men believed in prayer they would pray. If they thought that by attending a religious service they would get "those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul" they would be as punctual at church on Sunday as at their offices on Monday. If their hearts were full of gratitude to the Giver of all good they would need no special attraction to sing His praise. If they thought the preacher had anything to say worth saying they would go and hear him. If he had food for their hungry

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souls they would not want the sermon cut short or dispensed with.

Mr. McCulloch concludes by saying " the paramount duty is to enlarge our conception of the Church, so as to receive all sincere souls who are striving to live according to the values Christ established," but he does not offer to give up the intellectual bogies of which he speaks. Will you walk into my parlour, said the spider to the fly.

The book contains some useful criticisms, and the author is to be commended for the fearless way in which he smites persons of importance, but those who care more for religion than for the Church as an institution, and feel the difficulty of living a Christian life in a competitive state of society and a warlike world will find little assistance.

BASIL MARTIN

ANGEL INFANCY

Conversations with Children. By DAVID and ROSA KATZ. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

The ambassadors of civilisation to primitive man are the Empire-builder, the missionary and the Romantic. Until ethnology became fashionable all that we knew of the savage was that he was amusingly naive and easy both to convert and to exploit. With the triumph of the Romantic we advanced from " Manners he has none, and his customs are disgusting " to the innocent conviction that the primitive is nearer to God or Nature than the European and, therefore, more natural and virtuous. The explorers of the dark continent of childhood have been fond parents, ignorant nursemaids, and bored or ingenious teachers. They have discovered that children are absurd angels, " old-fashioned " comedians, and disgusting little savages. This last discovery is particularly popular with psychologists accustomed to neurotics. The child-primitive man analogy is as attractive as it is misleading. The *Golden Bough* of childhood has yet to be written ; when it is, the analogy will go back to its theological rubbish-heap.

Dr. Katz and his wife, both psychologists of some distinction, begin from the excellent assumptions that nothing much is known about the child mind, that psycho-analytical theories about it may be rubbish and that laboratory experiments in thinking can darken counsel. They have reported verbatim some 150 conversations which they have had over a year with their children—Theodore, aged five, and Julius, aged three. After each conversation a discussion of conclusions to be drawn from it is given, and at the end of the book general results are deduced. With a rare modesty the authors are tentative in their generalisations and offer the conversations as raw material for future interpreters.

The book is compact and closely argued. All that a reviewer can do is to indicate a few of the questions raised by the Katz family. First of all the processes of conversation and soliloquy and their social significance in children and adults are inquired into. Then it is suggested that there is some connection between physical constitution and the direction of appetite. Do fat girls like fish ? The varying attitudes of the children towards animals are noted. Some day perhaps Samuel Butler's conviction that the contemplation of the larger mammals—especially elephants—is beneficial to the exhausted man, will be properly investigated. The suggestibility of children, the mechanics of their questioning, their sense of reality, their magic, their metaphysics—all these subjects deserve a book each. *Conversations with Children* should provide starting points for a great deal of research. Anyone who is tired of writing down his dreams like Mr. Dunne, had better start pursuing his children with a note book. As an example of what can be captured here is a breakfast symposium :

THEODOR : " Was God born ? "
MOTHER : " I'll tell you when you are bigger."
T. : " God created all men, didn't he, so he must have been born himself."
M. : " God wasn't born and God doesn't die, he can't be seen and heard ; I'll tell you how when you are bigger."
T. : " If God doesn't die, then all men won't die."
M. : " I'll tell you all about that when you are bigger."
T. : " You shouldn't say things like that, it's rude."
FATHER (fondles him) : " You little metaphysician."
T. (after thought) : " You crocodile."

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The Expulsion of the Jews from Spain. By VALERIU MARCU. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

One of the consolations of political disintegration is that it entitles a nation to lie in bed and yawn at the political fevers of its neighbours. At the totalitarian state, empire, economic folly, Aryan myths and the expulsion of the Jews, indeed at the whole Nazi performance, the Spaniard of all European peoples may be permitted to smile. He has done it all before, and he knows where it has landed him. The parallel between the German and the Spanish cases is extraordinary, and if any Nazi has picked up the Amsterdam edition of this book —*Die Vertreibung der Juden aus Spanien*—he must have had his faith shaken. For Mr. Marcu's exposition of the story is not daubed with tendenciousness and propaganda ; he is scholarly and fair. It was probably inevitable, given their history and character, he says, that the Spaniards of the fifteenth century should have behaved as they did ; there was a clash of irreconcilable beliefs. But, if you hold such beliefs, this and this will be the consequence.

He does not emphasise the parallel and this enhances the effectiveness of his book. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, Spain achieved national unity. Patriotic and religious emotion became one before the task of wiping out the affront to Spain and Christianity of the Moorish occupation. The country was awakening to colonial empire not for the purpose of absorbing a surplus population but for adventurous exploitation and gold. Substitute heretical, plundering subversive England for Communist Russia and you have the Spanish case for huge armaments ; for the Aryan myth, revive the myth of *limpieza*, blood purity, which imagined a pure Spanish race kept virgin from Jew and Moor in the high passes of the Pyrenees ; and for scapegoats, there are, once more, the Jews. They were the very heart of the economic system, they were the intermediaries especially in science between Arab civilisation and medieval Christianity ; long rooted in the life of the peninsular they had intermarried into pretty well all the Spanish noble families ; converted, they held high office in the Church and controlled the treasury. They were rich, they were intelligent, they were a minority—as always, the ideal nose to cut off for a nation which is impelled to spite its face. And although the operation was performed in the name of religion, it must be remembered that Spain (like modern Germany) had set itself above the Church.

A Suitable Story

A guest arrived at an evening party in a lounge suit. He apologised abjectly to his host and hostess, adding that he had taxied round the various sartorial rescuers who, for a guinea or two, make ordinary men temporarily gentle, only to be told everywhere that no dress clothes were available as there had been an unprecedented number of borrowers for this very party!

We have no idea how be-whiskered this little story is. It came fresh to us last week. Is there a moral to it? Perhaps not, unless there is the suggestion that, like scouts, we should be prepared. Most of us procrastinate about ordering new clothes, until one day, when we suddenly decide to take a holiday, or we have to go to some function at short notice, we realise how hopelessly inadequate is our wardrobe.

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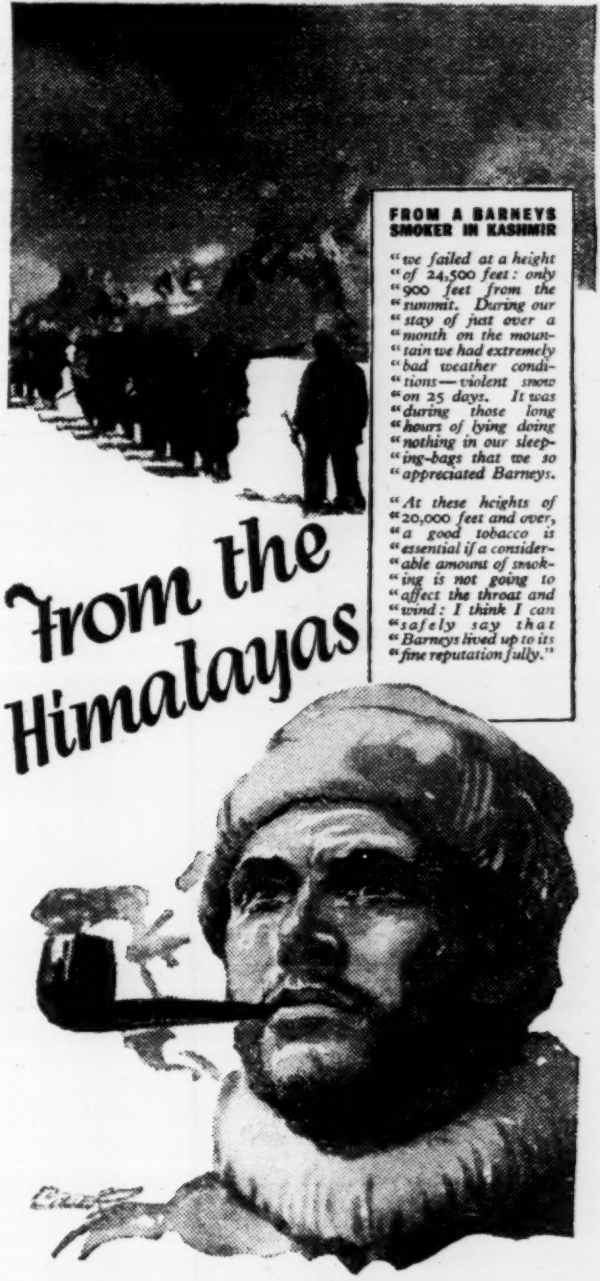

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The Queen had already defied the Pope and appointed her own Bishops, the Inquisition was established in defiance of Rome and the Pope protested in vain against the Jewish persecutions.

It is true that the impulse which led Spain to fanaticism and myth-making also led her to greatness. The Golden Age of Spanish letters was approaching and the priests of Cortés and Pizarro were baptizing at the sword's point in the American jungles. But what other kinds of greatness were possible? The expulsion of the Jews was an inevitable incident in the path of racial power which Spain, bemused with the idea of virginity and the romances of chivalry, preferred to economic soundness. As Mr. Marcu says, in analysing the Jewish and Spanish attitudes to gold, the Spaniard wanted adventure, the Jew substance. The Spanish choice may have been heroic, a dramatic vision, but its consequences were felt most fatally precisely where the vital spiritual clash with the Jews had been. The vengeance of the Jews who had built up the Spanish economic system was complete. Exiled, they combined with the Dutch to damage Spain in the Indies.

> The Ottoman Empire was invigorated by them (the Jews) with a new life impulse. They acted as experts for the Turks in the armaments industry, in the new discoveries of cannon balls, arquebuses, gun powder and munitions . . . The emigrants allowed no Spanish ship to put in at a Levantine port and in everything they boycotted the Spanish hemisphere. . . . They helped in the bringing about of the economic ruin to which she had condemned herself.

And having rid herself of her experts and purged her blood, Spain was left a weak prey to new immigrants who were far more foreign to her than the Jews who had been there for centuries.

The impulse of persecution is latent in all countries, but in Spain the Jew was confronted with a man as race-conscious as himself. The converts were inevitably suspect in the Spanish atmosphere and, as Mr. Marcu says, it is not possible completely to believe in the sincerity or profundity of the conversions. Spain's thinly disguised polytheism and the pagan traditions of the Mediterranean, could have meant nothing to devout monotheists who had left their heroic period behind them and who were dominated by the exhaustive exactitude of the Talmud. The pure blooded were purer than the Spaniard could ever hope to be; the converts and the descendants of mixed marriage were impure in spirit and in flesh. One may not expect the Spaniards of an age which believed in the values of chivalry and the vision of the immaculate conception to understand that purity was a chimera. They could see in the Jews only the subtlety and the apathy of an uprooted people. Mr. Marcu is very interesting on this aspect of the struggle, and the whole book, whether in its narrative or its commentary, is concise, epigrammatic and illuminating. It is quite the most intelligent and balanced account of the tragedy of the Jewish expulsion that I have read. V. S. PRITCHETT

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SHORTER NOTICES

America Came My Way. SIR ANTHONY JENKINSON. *Barker.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Travellers who set out to discover a New World in America attempt a formidable task, for the appetite of readers in this country has become jaded by the surfeit of travel books, novels and other miscellaneous trifles that have already been written on the subject. The author of this book has therefore accomplished a considerable feat in writing an account of his travels which is at the same time amusing, informative and at times even hilarious. His main interests are journalistic and political, but other topics are generously treated, and the chapters on Hollywood, the Hauptmann trial and the World's Fair are among the best in the book. He seems to have been on friendly terms with everyone of importance in the country, from President Roosevelt to Shirley Temple. The political comments are for the most part eminently sensible; the chapter on Huey Long, who took off his shirt in the presence of the author—apparently an especial sign of esteem—is perfectly done. Some of the views expressed, no doubt, seem a little highly coloured; the exalted position accorded to Governor Olsen may appear somewhat exaggerated. But the thread of political interest running through the book gives it a coherence which many travel books lack, and even those who disagree with his views cannot fail to be attracted by the author's personality and style.

A Search in Secret Egypt. By PAUL BRUNTON. *Rider.* 18*s.*

This is not a book for Egyptologists, or for those who believe that their mundane methods of research can get to the root of the wisdom of the Egyptians. Mr. Brunton, however, admits that without their work, Egypt would have remained a sealed book even to those to whose spiritual intuition it is now open. It is primarily addressed to those who believe that, underneath that magical worship of the thousand Gods which the archaeologist has revealed to us, there was an esoteric mysticism known only to the adept, akin to the mysticisms of Plotinus, the Christian mystics, and the modern spiritualist. But Mr. Brunton has also a good deal to tell the general reader of both ancient and modern Egypt, and his story of his travels and adventures in the land of the Pharaohs and the dervish is both informative and entertaining. Mr. Brunton spent a night in the great pyramid, and dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, which he relates in the manner of Vathek; he also had some strange experiences with snake-charmers. The book is well illustrated.

Historic British Ghosts. By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Here are straightforward accounts of a large number of British ghosts, with such evidence as exists of the bona fides of those who claimed or claim to have seen or heard them; with glosses that are never beside the mark. Much of the evidence is questionable, but when all the stories are sifted there remains a residuum in which the tellers are beyond suspicion of exaggeration or fraud, and at times the tales are supported by good corroborative evidence. But what ghosts and ghostly manifestations are is still to be discovered, for no explanation yet offered has any scientific validity. Mr. Sergeant keeps closely to the historic method, his stories raise questions but not hairs, and his glosses are inquisitive but never eerie. Perhaps his best story is of the vision of the beautiful young woman that, appearing first in the guise of a bird, warned the wicked Lord Lyttelton of his approaching end; a story which provoked one of Walpole's wittiest gibes.

The Young Girl's Guide to Good Behaviour. By MONICA REDLICH. Illustrated by ANNA K. ZINKEISEN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 5*s.*

This is another of those light satires in the form of handbooks of etiquette the joke of which lies in instructing a young lady to be as ruthless, malicious and impudent as possible in her pursuit of the male while affecting to instruct her in kindness and good manners. The joke soon wears rather thin, but there are amusing sections on culture ("you *do* want to prove yourself brilliant and well-informed if people start talking about culture and you cannot distract their attention"), and quite a lot of laughs in the remarks suggested as "suitable for situations, that arise purely from misunderstanding or unworthy distrust." The dialogue, as readers of Miss Redlich's novel, *Consenting Party*, would expect, is generally admirable. There are little drawings by Miss A. K. Zinkeisen, and a binding of the keepsake or valentine style in acid pink.

* * *

We regret that in our review last week of *The Nonesuch Century*, the Bibliography, made by Mr. Desmond Flower, was mistakenly attributed to Mr. Desmond Harmsworth.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

It is only of late years that the *Brandenburg Concertos* have become a popular success, yet they have become so in spite of what was mostly pedestrian performance. Now, however, comes the reward of good taste—the Adolf Busch Chamber Players' incomparable rendering, in two volumes (Col. LX436–442 and LX443–449). These records are, in the strict sense of that abused phrase, a "revelation," for they accomplish a feat of which only truly classical playing is capable: they reveal, in the fresh, bright colours of an old tapestry which has been cleaned with cold water, the original inspiration and emotion of these concertos, as if they had been written yesterday; and this treatment, paradoxically enough, brings out all that was romantic in Bach's imagination. The slow movements are in most cases the high points (Bach was probably that one of the great classical composers who most enjoyed writing slow movements); but everywhere one notices the same loving care for detail in the performance, the same avoidance of monotony in rhythm, the same accuracy of balance. The players bring out with equal success the expressiveness of the adagio of the 1st Concerto and the flickering brilliance of the first movement of the 4th. The soloists are beyond praise; Mr. Eskdale's trumpet-playing, in particular, is prodigious. Those who cannot afford the complete set are advised to get numbers I, IV, and V; but they would be better advised still to forgo something else and buy the whole lot. Continuing, as seems most natural, in chronological order, we come next to Mozart, who is done proud this month by Edwin Fischer. The work is the *Piano Concerto in E flat* (K482) and the orchestra John Barbirolli's Chamber (H.M.V. DB2681–4). Fischer's silver-point playing is admirably adapted to this work, which displays Mozart in fantastic mood, exploiting a very free form with exquisite subtlety. The recording is very quiet and the orchestral playing perfectly discreet. With Liszt's *Faust Symphony*, played by the Grand Orchestre Philharmonique, under Selmar Meyrowitz (Col. LX455–61), we enter the full glare of the romantic movement; but the colours are still bright, the emotion still true. This symphony is one which connoisseurs have long wished to be recorded, and now they will not be disappointed, for this is the best French recording I have heard for a long time. The tone is brilliant without being harsh, and the brass playing particularly good, as one might expect from a French orchestra. The work is at last establishing itself as one of the greatest of its period. The first movement is the least good, for it is too much split up; but the slow movement is heavenly, especially when, as here, it is not dragged; and the concluding section, depicting Mephistopheles, is one of the few examples of really *wicked* music in existence. Dvorak's *4th Symphony in G minor*, which has now been recorded by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Vaclav Talich (H.M.V. DB2691–5), is also romantic music, but it is very far from wicked. The great virtues of Dvorak as a composer are virility and gusto; and if his themes lack fineness, that is because he was emotionally coarse-fibred and of a sentimental *naïveté* that reminds one sometimes of Gustav Mahler. Yet his music is always picturesque, and if the 4th Symphony is never likely to rival the 5th in popularity, it is in some respects a better symphony; it is never dull and frequently poetical. The present performance does full justice to its qualities. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra give a very noisy and forceful rendering of Strauss' early symphonic poem, *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (H.M.V. DB2616–DBS2620)—a work in which the qualities of romanticism have been allowed to run riot. From the point of view of orchestration, it was written at Strauss' worst period, when he was engaged in exploiting cleverness for its own sake. The scoring is far too thick and organ-like, and the experiments in complicated string *divisi*, though they look very well on paper, are horribly muddy in effect. There is some fine music in the work, notably in the drier portions (the *Grablied* and *Von der Wissenschaft*); but the emotion is rank, and the *Tanzlied* is merely a Viennese waltz *à la* Kreisler. For this section of his work, Nietzsche had to wait for Stravinsky, who expressed it perfectly in the final dance of *Le Sacre du Printemps*. This set, then, is for the musical specialist only, who may derive amusement as well as pleasure from it. I do not think it was a very good idea to reproduce Arthur Bliss' incidental music to H. G. Wells' film, *Things to Come*. No doubt these short movements are effective enough in context, but they are too fragmentary and unoriginal to stand alone. Most film music that I have heard would seem to have been written in a somewhat cynical spirit—hurriedly, on the back of a used envelope, so to speak. Mr. Bliss' shows signs of more care than this; but I cannot feel that he has put his best work into it. The performance and recording, by the London Symphony Orchestra under the composer himself, is excellent (Decca K810–811).

Busoni's *Carmen Fantasie*, played by Egon Petri (Col. LX462), is a piano record of note. This is, I believe, the first recording of one of the greatest pianists alive. The work, without being at all typical of Busoni at his best, is very brilliant and charming. Let us hope that it may be quickly followed by something more substantial from the same performer. Those who enjoy the songs of Roger Quilter may like Mark Raphael's rendering of "Music, When Soft Voices Die," "Love's Philosophy," "The Jealous Lover," and "I Dare Not Ask a Kiss." The voice is of the nasal, John McCormack order, not unsuited to the idiom of the songs (Col. DB1602).

The recording of scenes from three of Mr. Noel Coward's latest one-act plays (*Red Peppers, Shadow Play* and *Family Album*), sung and spoken by Mr. Coward himself and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, cannot fail to be a success (H.M.V. C2815–7). The scene from *Red Peppers* seemed to me the best, because it is amusing, while the last two are merely sentimental; but those who enjoyed the scenes in performance may like to have them on tap. Unfortunately, Miss Lawrence's singing has not improved since "Private Lives." If, like myself, you have a weakness for Viennese and Hungarian jazz, you will like *Puszta* and *Forget It and Smile*, played by Barnabas von Geczy and his band (H.M.V. B8395). Also *Vienna, Town of My Dreams*, is an enchanting old waltz, but the performance, by Frank Titterton with orchestra (Decca F2517), is rather thin and perfunctory. Personally, I prefer Fred Astaire's voice to Ginger Rogers'; but if you feel the other way, get *The Piccolino* and *Cheek to Cheek, Isn't This a Lovely Day* and *No Strings*, sung by Miss Rogers to the accompaniment of Victor Young and his band (Decca F5746–7). The best, most catchy tune of the month seems to me to be *Ev'rything's Been Done Before*, by Bob Crosby and band (Decca F5672); otherwise I find little to recommend. On the examination system, I should give $\beta+$ to *The Never-to-be-Forgotten Melody* and *The Gaucho*, played by Geraldo and his band (Decca F5842) and

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10 **Word obsessions.**
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12 **Neurasthenia. Nerve pains.**
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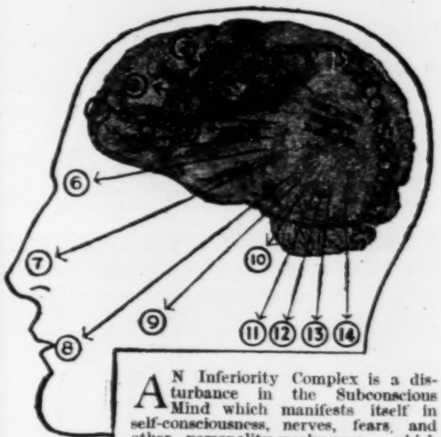
14 **Physical lethargy.**



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only β – to *East of the Sun* (Decca F5744), which is Ambrose's best this month, but rather weak at that. *One Night in Monte Carlo* appears to have the same tune as that *Gypsy Tea-Room* of odious fame; in so far as the milieu is changed, it may be said to be an improvement (Decca F5837). *Hits of* 1935, played by Reginald Forsythe and Arthur Young, with percussion, makes a very satisfying meal (Decca K797).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 312

Set by Philip Jordan

Successful modern advertising, it is said, appeals to the worst in us, our snobbery, our vanity, our fears and our dread of sickness. Such technique has been highly successful in selling every commodity, from face cream to paint, but has never, so far as I am aware, been applied to books. Why not? Competitors might show publishers how to conduct their own businesses more efficiently, even if more vulgarly; and we therefore offer our usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for advertisements in the style of such commodities as health foods or face creams for advertisements, in not more than 250 words of copy, of any one of the following books.

The Forsyte Saga.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall.
Don Quixote.
The Sonnets of Shakespeare.
The Middle Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze.
Das Kapital.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 13th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 310

Set by K. John

Wordsworth has at last succeeded in getting through from "the other side" in order to complete his Ecclesiastical Sonnets by a Sonnet on the Oxford Group Movement. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for this poem. (Whatever his views, for the medium's sake he would, of course, abstain from anything libellous.)

Report by K. John

This subject appears to me to bristle with opportunities, which nearly everyone missed. I had no preconceived notions about Wordsworth's view, but three points now occur to me: (*a*) he would not have been flippant; (*b*) he would not altogether have approved; (*c*) he would have made some remark about Self-will. On the two last I may be wrong, but on the other hand, *serious* competitors (and there were a good many) almost commit themselves to being as good as Wordsworth. However, some got out of that by not realising that the writer was supposed to *be* Wordsworth—while hardly anyone realised that he was supposed to be dead. Not a single poem was satisfactory all through, though good lines abounded; for instance, W. H.'s:

> Stretch the genial hand
> Of *honest* glee to Duchess and to Peer—

L. V. Upward's:

> Then forming groups convenient in size—

Daphne S. Murgatroyd's admirable serious opening:

> The boundaries of wisdom are not clear

(quite unsustained, alas!), and perhaps best of all (from Harry William Wordsworth Broadbent):

> The mild-eyed members of the Oxford Group.

It would have been easy and gratifying to award a prize for single lines; that being impossible, I have decided, after a great deal of heart-searching, that the First Prize shall go to "Callitriche" (in spite of a most unfortunate eighth line), and the Second Prize to R. D. C. (in spite of a first line for which I very nearly disqualified him on the spot).

FIRST PRIZE

One hundred years have passed since first The Towers
That rise o'er Isis sponsored such a theme.
Pusey we know, and Newman, with his *Dream*,
And Keble—men whose name for ever dowers
Religious thought; but these who claim strange powers
Of changing lives have made a bid for fame
As though some virtue sheltered in a name,
(Regardless of the fact that Oxford glowers.)
These, advocating quiet, scatter din,
Crackling and gay; loud words all feeling drown;
Uninteresting men confess their sin.
Too easy is this path; rich, they disown
One who was poor, and sorrowful, and lone;
So one more cause is lost from this fair town.

CALLITRICHE

SECOND PRIZE

THE OXFORD GROUP MOVEMENT

Newman! Thou shouldst be living at this hour:
Thine Oxford hath a strange and modern fame;
Nuffield and Buchman both usurp her name;
Her recollected air on roof and tower
Now blows no more. A transatlantic dower,
A warm and humid surrogate for thought,
Lifts all the burdens of the soul, and naught
Of thy long bitterness hath any power
To stir the sleeping mind. And yet, great God!
What hath this junketing to do with Thee?
These straying sheep who boast of where they trod,
That widow of a peer, this tennis belle,
That flannel-shirted Bishop bare of knee,
And all those Quiet Times at Brown's Hotel.

R. D. C.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 167.—MISS CUTIEVILLE, 1936

In the contest to choose Miss Cutieville, 1936, the number of candidates was the same as the number of judges. Each judge had as many votes as there were candidates, and was allowed to distribute these votes among the candidates exactly as he pleased. Thus he could give all

Company Meeting.

SELFRIDGE & COMPANY

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, chairman and managing director, presiding at the annual meeting of this Company, held on March 2nd, said (in part) that the accounts showed a profit of £414,190, as against £375,139 a year ago, which was the best result they had achieved since 1930. Trading conditions in this country had improved during 1935 and departmental stores had benefited from the better conditions which had prevailed. In the course of their trading year they had enjoyed an excellent increase in their sales. The number of individual transactions had created a new record and the number of staff engaged had been greater than ever before. The dividend proposed on the ordinary shares was 10 per cent., as against 5 per cent.

The improved results were entirely due to an excellent all-round increase in sales. No new departments, which numbered 236, had been added during the year, and no further selling space had been available for the obtaining of the larger turnover. Prices had been substantially the same as in the previous year, although some small advances had been experienced on certain lines of manufactured goods. During 1935 they had turned their stock a greater number of times than ever before in their history, and very much oftener than was usually shown by similar businesses. It was their determination that their staff should be built of and continually equipped by young men and women who possess "thinking strength" and who hold their posts because of merit and merit only. In no way they accepted the old idea that all that a "hand" requires is two arms and two legs. They must have throughout the entire house instead "educated ability." The five thousand or so constituting their staff had unitedly and happily worked for the progress of the house and the year's not unhappy results were attributable largely to them. The report was adopted.

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Summary of Directors' Report for the year ended 31st December, 1935.

Total Income for the year, **£12,614,074.**

Total Assets at end of the year, **£62,966,932.**

Total Claims Paid in the year, **£7,117,462.** The Company has paid **£96,321,323** in claims since its establishment.

The Total Assurances existing on December 31st, 1935, amounted to **£76,583,187** in the Ordinary Branch and **£106,667,159** in the Industrial Branch.

Reversionary Bonus of £1 - 18 - 0 per cent. declared on all Ordinary Branch participating Policies.

Industrial Branch: £126,118 Profits allocated to certain classes of Policyholders.

J. WILCOCK HOLGATE, *Chairman.*

his votes to one candidate, or three votes each to two candidates and the remainder to a third, or do anything else with them he liked. But he had to make use of all his votes.

Here are some particulars of the voting :

Mr. Peppermint refused to vote for his niece, Pepita. In fact, all his votes but one went to Inez.

Sir Guy Gloom voted for Clematis and Fuchsia.

Mrs. Sugary voted for Angel-Face, June, Fuchsia and Marzipan.

Capt. Twotimes gave June twice as many votes as he gave Piggy. He also voted for Clematis.

Lord Budgerigar voted for three candidates, giving most votes, however, to Piggy.

The Archdeacon voted for two candidates.

Angel-Face only received votes from Mrs. Sugary and Dr. Snooper.

Mr. Nuisance voted for Inez, Piggy and Marzipan.

Fuchsia had more votes from Lord Budgerigar than from any of the other judges.

June received votes from two judges only.

Dr. Snooper voted for only two candidates.

Mrs. Prancing voted for her relatives, Dewdrop and Pepita, giving more votes to Dewdrop. She also gave two votes to Clematis.

When the voting was completed, four curious facts came to light. First, every candidate had received the same number of votes. Secondly, no two candidates had received the same number of votes from any one of the judges. Thirdly, no two judges had distributed their votes the same way ; this was just, and only just possible, having regard to the data set out above. Fourthly, the distributions of " votes received " exactly corresponded to those of " votes awarded."

Who was the recipient of the single vote withheld by Mr. Peppermint from Inez ?

PROBLEM 165.—AT THE YARD

This is not a difficult problem, as the number of correct solutions testifies, though it needs to be tackled carefully. Any of the clues given can be taken as a starting point, though some are obviously more convenient than others. *The answers to four questions can be deduced with certainty. These are :*

(1) *Smasher*
(2) *The Spike*
(3) *Mile End*
(5) *Spider's Hole.*

We also know that the answer to (4) is either *Seven* (in which case the answer to (6) is *Chalker*) or *Eight* (in which case the answer to (6) is *One-Eyed Joe*).

One or two purists have taken exception to the phrase " one question out of three." They point out that this implies that each suspect must know beforehand how many questions are being asked. As, however, the problem is evidently not capable of solution if this phrase is given its narrower meaning, it should not have caused any trouble.

In this connection may I quote another solver who asks, apropos of Problem 164, " How did Mrs. Pewtrid propose to divide either 35 or 40 persons into 6 teams each having the same number of players ? " He goes on " It is really very difficult to know when your statements are intended as essential elements in the problem and when they are only intended to add to its gaiety." The answer to this is that the experienced solver can make this distinction without difficulty. Caliban problems are not examination questions ; if they were so stated as to eliminate at the outset every particle of uncertainty they would not, I think, serve their purpose.

PROBLEM 164.—CHEZ PEWTRID

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : R. E. D. Allen, 17 Highbury Avenue, N.5.

Seven points are awarded.

PROBLEM 166.—WIENER-SCHNITZEL

No solver has so far succeeded with this problem. May I therefore disclose that when he says " we had better put it into cipher " Lord Howdidoo is using the word " cipher " loosely ; his " cipher " is actually a cryptogram. This additional datum should not be necessary as the two clues which at once give the decode are not (I think) very obscure. One is in the quotation from Tennyson.

To Solvers.—A number of requests for scores await reply ; the number of solutions has of late increased so considerably that my records are in arrears. These are now being brought up to date. My apologies to solvers who are kept waiting.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

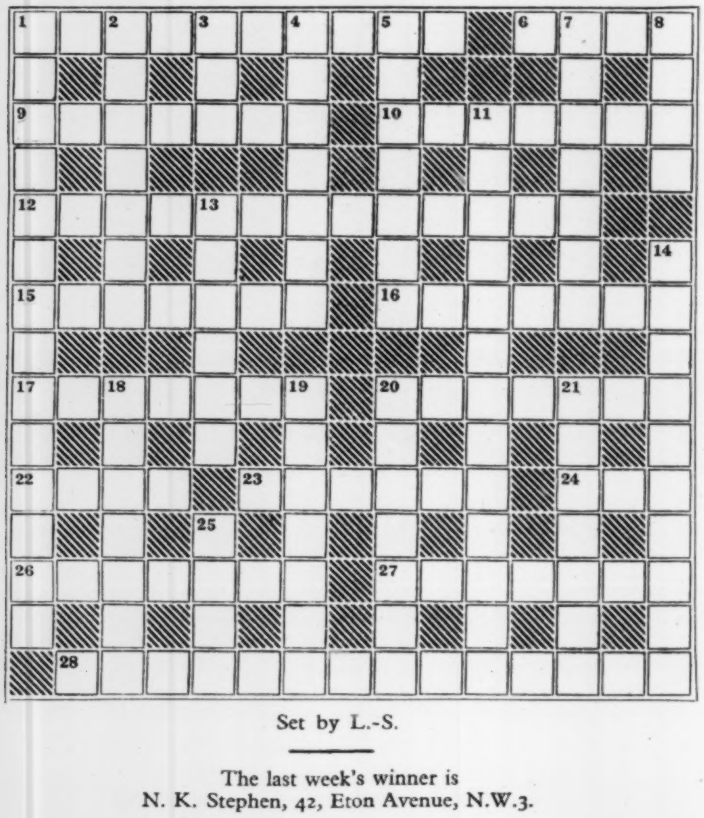
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 313

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
N. K. Stephen, 42, Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

ACROSS

1. Christchurch faction ?
6. Suitable feet for a plain man.
9. Domestic way to clean the guard.
10. This sort of trick would be the height of baseness so to speak.
12. Fearsome ideas.
15. Finished by standing on one's head.
16. Overall.
17. How the jockey got across the winning horse of course.
20. This pigeon is extremely spread out.
22. It takes the footwear for many sports.
23. Its purpose is to make one return what one has taken.
24. It is not backward.
26. Light carrier.
27. Not a Christian name, but a Buddhist one.
28. Public house food in Fleet Street.

DOWN

1. It usually goes to bed in cold weather.
2. Loose with a pure don.
3. Score of the golfer who is leading by a hole.
4. Insect house.
5. A kind of eyesore.
7. Use your eyes above and below.
8. Levels after 6.
11. It sounds like a juvenile bowler's disease.
13. Youthfully associated with betters.
14. Device for getting trunks down.
18. Grinders' noise.
19. Tied men make such a denial.
20. Sort of party that makes a soldier tired.
21. Sounds as though you had some food after the play.
25. Similar criteria.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	A	B	L	E	■	P	A	S	S	W	O	R	D	S
O	■	L	■	N	■	A	■	K	■	I	■	O	■	T
C	L	O	G	D	A	N	C	E	■	N	U	B	I	A
K	■	O	■	S	■	E	■	L	■	D	■	O	■	T
S	I	D	E	■	B	L	U	E	B	O	T	T	L	E
■	■	F	■	R	■	S	■	T	■	W	■	■	■	S
B	E	E	V	E	S	■	C	A	P	S	I	C	U	M
O	■	U	■	C	■	T	■	L	■	E	■	H	■	A
M	E	D	I	O	C	R	E	■	B	A	L	E	E	N
B	■	■	■	V	■	E	■	A	■	T	■	A	■	■
A	P	P	R	E	H	E	N	D	S	■	O	P	U	S
S	■	I	■	R	■	L	■	O	■	C	■	S	■	O
T	R	A	N	I	■	I	M	P	A	R	T	I	A	L
I	■	N	■	E	■	N	■	T	■	A	■	D	■	I
C	R	O	S	S	K	E	Y	S	■	B	L	E	N	D

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	**The Dominant Sex.**	Wed., Sat.
ALHAMBRA.	**Tulip Time.**	Wed. & Sat.
APOLLO.	**Espionage.**	Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM.	**"Twenty to One."**	Wed. & Sat.
COMEDY.	**Dusty Ermine.**	Tues. & Fri.
DUCHESS.	**Night Must Fall.**	Thurs. & Sat.
GARRICK.	**Two Mrs. Carrolls.**	Tues., Sat.
GLOBE.	**"Call It a Day."**	Wed., Th. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	**Please Teacher !**	Th., Sat.
LYRIC.	**Tovarich.**	Wed. & Th.
MERCURY.	**Murder in the Cathedral.**	F., S.
PHOENIX.	**"To-night at 8.30."**	Tues. & Sat.
PLAYHOUSE.	**"Mary Tudor."**	Th. & Sat.
ST. JAMES.'	**'Pride and Prejudice.'**	W. & S.
ST. MARTIN'S.	**No Exit.**	Tues. & Fri.
SAVOY.	**La Meri.**	Wed., Sat., 2.45.
SHAFTESBURY.	**"Promise."**	Wed. & Sat.
STRAND.	**1066 and All That.**	Tues. & Sat.
W'MINSTER.	**Dog Beneath the Skin.**	Th., S.
WHITEHALL.	**Anthony & Anna.**	W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. (16th MONTH.)

ALHAMBRA, EVGS., 6.15 & 9. Weds. & Sats. 2.30
TULIP TIME. (Last Night, Sat., March 14.)
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3 Whitehall 2525.
Wed., March 18, at 6.15 and 9.0.
Revue: *THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.*

APOLLO. Gerrard 2663. (Smoking.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & Walter Hackett's Production.
ESPIONAGE.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
Mats., Weds. & Sats. at 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE SIDE-SPLITTING MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE.
LUPINO LANE, CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
DUSTY ERMINE.
Leonora CORBETT, David HORNE, William FOX.
Produced by A. R. Whatmore.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GARRICK. EVGS., 8.30. MATS., Tues., Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS & ELENA MIRAMOVA in
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
with LOUISE HAMPTON.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Thur. and Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER !"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

MERCURY. Nottg. Hill Gate. 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* Park 1000.
Now Nightly (except Mons.) at 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*Times.*
Every SUNDAY at 9, BALLET CLUB.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR."
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

ST. JAMES.' (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
ROBERT DOUGLAS in
NO EXIT.
CYRIL RAYMOND. GILLIAN LIND. RONALD SIMPSON.

SAVOY. (Temple Bar 8888.) EVGS. at 8.45.
LA MERI.
THE WORLD-FAMOUS DANCER.
In DANCES OF ALL RACES. WED. & SAT., 2.45.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MADGE TITHERADGE, EDNA BEST,
RALPH RICHARDSON, Ann Todd, Robert Harris in
"PROMISE."

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.
All Star cast, with MARGARETTA SCOTT.
POPULAR PRICES 1*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* OVER 700 PERFS.

WESTMINSTER. Last Weeks. Vic. 0283.
Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. Group Theatre Prod'n.
THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.
By W. H. Auden & C. Isherwood.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
RUDOLF FORSTER in the
Austrian riding drama
"HOHE SCHULE" (U).
Commencing March 11, *CRIME & CHATIMENT* (A).

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Mon. next, March 9th, for Seven Days.
CHARLES LAUGHTON in
RUGGLES OF RED GAP (U),
with CHARLES RUGGLES and ZASU PITTS.

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STUDENT Movement for Peace, Freedom and Cultural Progress. Student Dance, Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Friday, March 13th, 8–1.30. Admission 1*s.* 6*d.*

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A MODEL NURSERY CLASSROOM will be exhibited daily from March 9th at the showrooms of PAUL & MARJORIE ABBATT, LTD., 29 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

A course of 4 lectures by Anne Farer, B.A., will be given on Wednesdays at 5.30 p.m., beginning March 11th, at the Jews' College, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Admission free.

March 11th.	"NURSERY CLASSES; A CRAZE OR A REAL NEED?"
March 18th.	"WE SPEND A DAY IN A NURSERY CLASS."
March 25th.	"EQUIPPING A NURSERY CLASS."
April 1st.	"ORGANISING A HOME NURSERY CLASS."

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Lovers' Leap. By Philip Johnson.

LIVERPOOL **Playhouse.**
Evenings 7.45. Saturday 2.30.
Boyd's Shop. By St. John Ervine.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evenings, 7.30.
The Black Eye. By James Bridie.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Once a Gentleman. By Armitage Owen.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews,* 44 *Archway Road, London, N.*19. *ARC* 3845.

MISCELLANEOUS

ISLES OF GREECE, CRETE, TROY, PRIENE, etc. April Cruise from 22 guineas. London return. Opportunity for teachers and students. Apply Anglo-Hellenic Tours, 1 Albany Terrace, London, N.W.1.

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SCHOOL HOLIDAYS. Boys and girls would be welcomed at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. This Centre is open on Mondays, 7–9 p.m., during March for consultations and lending library. Particulars sent on request.

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